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## *THE HEALING TOUCH.**

Luke viii. 46. "Somebody hath touched me."

"SOMEBODY hath touched me." Jesus said this at a moment when the multitude were thronging and pressing him, and when the question, "Who touched me?" might well seem out of place to the straightforward common-sense of a man like Peter. In the heart of a surging crowd of people, stumbling over one another in their eagerness to be first on the scene of an expected miracle, Jesus deliberately stopped and put the question to those around him, "Who touched me?" Amidst the innumerable shocks of contact by which he was being assailed, and which spoke of nothing but vulgar excitement, boisterous energy, rude self-assertion, Jesus distinguished a form of pressure which went with a different meaning to his heart. It was but a touch on the hem of his garment, faint, momentary, all but indistinguishable. But it *was* a touch. It was not the pressure of some careless foot. It was a hand that had touched his garment, a hand reached forth for help and sympathy and healing. Jesus recognised the mute appeal. His whole nature responded to the thrill of it; and with something like triumph on his face, he stopped to declare himself. "Who touched me?" he said; and again, with quiet insistence, "Somebody hath touched me." Such moments were the great moments of the life of Jesus, when human hearts threw themselves upon him for help. And on the present occasion nothing would content him but that he should lift the woman who had touched him from among the feet of the thronging multitude, and there in the presence of them all crown her with his eternal peace.

* A sermon preached in College Church.

What is it to touch Jesus? There are many who cannot conceive such a thing, and who laugh at the suggestion of it. Peter said, "Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?" There are some of course who do not like the idea, to whom the thought of personal contact with the divine is simply intolerable, from the sense of condemnation which it cannot fail to introduce into their sinful and self-indulgent lives. But Peter represents rather the much larger class, of those whose robust common-sense repels the idea of any intercourse with Christ otherwise than through the recognised organs of human apprehension. When Jesus asked, Who touched me? Peter regarded the question as absurd. Everybody was touching him, and how could one man's touch differ from another man's touch? There are many who sympathize with Peter, and, when they hear of a knowledge of Christ through personal communion, with Peter are inclined to scoff. Religious *truth* such men can understand—any doctrine of God and of His relations to men which makes its appeal to the intellect, and which can be subjected to the ordinary logical tests. Religious *faith* even they can understand, and are prepared to admit a view of the world which, though not resting on strict logical demonstration, nevertheless seems necessary in order to conserve and do justice to the fundamental convictions of man as to his moral destiny. In the same sense, they welcome and cherish the *observances* of religion, as contributing a valuable influence towards the maintenance of moral life, and as affording an impressive symbolism of the noblest aspirations of the human heart. All this seems reasonable. By way of the intellect, by way of the moral consciousness, we can in an intelligible sense come into contact with God. But that personal communion with God of which some men speak, that direct and immediate contact of spirit with spirit, what does it mean? It is sheer mysticism, as impracticable as it is irrational. Religion as the highest manifestation of the effort of the human spirit after self-realisation, has some meaning. But religion as a new life, based on personal contact with the source of all life, is an extravagant dream. Christ as the fulfilment of the promise of human nature—the religion of Christ as the purest, most refined, most moral, most rational of all the manifestations of the religious spirit—this is comprehensible. But Christ as the Lord and Giver of life, the Son of God sent down from heaven, through faith in whom man is lifted into

fellowship with the divine and made partaker of a life which is eternal and undefiled—how can these things be?

Nevertheless, this is what Christ came to do; and they do not know Christ who have never come to him for life. They do not know Christ who know him only as appealing to their emotional or intellectual or moral nature. The way to know Christ is the way of personal need. On that day in Galilee there was a multitude thronging around Jesus. He had excited their curiosity, their genuine interest. They were half inclined to accept him as their ideal hero, as the flower and idol of their national life. They were only waiting to see whether he satisfied all the tests. But there was one who approached him with very different feelings, a woman who felt that human hopes were not for her, that as far as she was concerned the dreams and interests of the eager life around her were but a miserable mockery. She was one for whom society could do nothing, and for whom perhaps it cared less than nothing. She was the victim of an incurable malady. She had tried in vain every human resource. She had "suffered many things of many physicians and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." More than that, from the nature of her malady, she was ceremonially unclean. Cut off, therefore, she was from all the charities of human life—an object of loathing, contempt and aversion. It was her desperate need that brought her to Christ. Not to satisfy her curiosity, not to see the miracle that was on the way, not to form a judgment on his claims to be the Messiah, did she come. She was cognisant no doubt of the speculation that was rife around her, and would catch snatches of the arguments that were being busily plied on the one side or the other. But what were these to her? A dying woman, she wanted life. "If I may but touch his garment," she kept saying to herself, as painfully she made her way through the warring and excited crowd; "if I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." Shall I be whole? Will one around whom all the great men of the world are at this moment gathered in anxious observation and debate, will he help me? Will he give me life, and health, and peace? —me who have nothing to give, nothing to contribute to his glory, nothing to lay at his feet but my need? So hoping and fearing she touched him. It was only a touch; but it was enough. She had laid hold of the source of all life, and not only did her issue of blood stanch immediately, but with infinite tenderness of

dealing her poor groping heart was directed to its goal, and lifted up into deathless fellowship with the Divine. "Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

It was the personal confidence of the woman that Jesus rejoiced in, when he said, "Somebody hath touched me." Others were touching him. She alone touched him. Many are interested in Christ and reverence him as one whose teaching and example remain to this day one of the most helpful influences in the upward life of man. Compared with the many who thus come into contact with Christ, and who know him only as an unsurpassed moral force, how few there are who touch him. To touch him is to trust him, and to know him not merely as we know and appraise external personages and events, but to know him as the author of life to ourselves personally, to know him as our own Saviour. It was thus that the woman of our story knew him, not as an object without her, but as an intimate, throbbing experience of personal salvation.

Would we observe more particularly the methods of such knowledge? In the case of the woman there was first of all a sense of personal need. It was her despair that brought her to Christ. She had "suffered many things of many physicians and had spent all that she had and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." A similar sense of personal need lies at the basis of all faith in Christ. Not till we feel our need of being brought into a right personal relation with God, of coming to an understanding with Him regarding our sins, of some transaction in which our guilt shall be removed, and our broken and ruined lives made whole in the peace of God's forgiveness; not till then do we come to that point of self-knowledge at which Christ can speak to us. There are some by whom the thought of such a personal dealing with God will be put aside as morbid and extravagant. They are accustomed to think of God as dealing with mankind somehow in the mass, as interested in some general outcome of human history rather than in the lives of individual men and women. But when we thus reason, we are untrue to ourselves. We get rid of the thought of our responsibility by putting aside the thought of our greatness. Man was *made* for fellowship with God; and that man is not the victim of morbid fancies, he is the bond-slave of the truth, in whose soul the thought of separation from God awakens a sense of everlasting loss, for whom life with all its interests, interests

noble and ignoble, becomes a long-drawn agony till the great longing of his heart for forgiveness can be satisfied, and his life built up anew in reconciliation with God. Let us not stifle the sense of sin within us, nor the thought of that eternal loss which sin entails. Truly they will lead us to self-despair; but it is only when we despair of ourselves that we can cast ourselves on God's forgiveness with that perfect abandonment of self which is the beginning of a new life.

For we observe in the second place that the woman in her great need threw herself upon Christ, and found in him the life she sought. God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, himself bearing the consequences of the sin of men, redeeming sinners to himself by a life of sorrow and a death of shame, and reaching out hands of tenderness to welcome them to the light and life of heaven. The forgiveness that we need is there in Christ, waiting for us, waiting to be accepted. Christ is here; and it needs but that we should touch him, that we may be made perfectly whole. Touch him—not debate about him; not acknowledge him; not imitate him; not work for him; but give ourselves to him; as Paul had done when he could say, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." That is salvation. And let no one say that that salvation is not for him. There is no one so insignificant that Christ will not stoop to him. There is no one so guilty that Christ will not receive him. There is no one so corrupt that Christ will not heal him. There is no one so worldly that Christ will not make him a son of God. If anything is sure this is sure, that Christ's salvation is meant for all.

What hinders then? Does this hinder? "The multitude are thronging and pressing around him—all indifferent to my need. I see around me the faces of those who will only scoff, unless indeed they are resentful, if I claim a personal interest in Christ. They will tell me that the knowledge of Christ which is sufficient for other people is surely sufficient for me. They acknowledge Christ; they recognise him as the son of God; they do what he tells them; they are enthusiastic in his cause; and all ignorant of my need (how can they know it? strong, whole-hearted, self-reliant sons of earth)—all ignorant of my need, they tell me to do the same; that nothing else is possible, and that it is enough. I know that it is not enough. But how can I press through the indifferent, mocking, indignant crowd, the

crowd of earth's chosen sons, and lay hold of Christ for myself?"

What if the woman of our story had said that, and crushing down the hope of life within her, had turned away to die in lonely misery? But this she refused to do. She refused to put away the hope of personal salvation. She refused to be content with a relation to Christ which might be enough for others, but was not enough for her. All the hesitation, born of deference to the limited and commonplace experience of the respectable world around her, she brushed aside, and with a faith throbbing with the hope of deliverance she went forward to claim Christ as her own. Let her faith be our example, the result of her faith our warrant. She believed and she was healed. Assuredly, it shall not be otherwise with us. If in any one to-night the hope of salvation is awakened, the hope of forgiveness, the hope of cleansing, the hope of divine sonship, let not that man put the hope away from him. Let him not hesitate, because it is urging him towards a personal relation with Christ, to which those around him are strangers, in which they do not believe, at which they are inclined to smile. Let him press forward, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, until he comes face to face with Christ, and throws himself into the arms of divine mercy. "I say unto you that...joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." And why should the praises of eternity not to-night be stilled and the voice of Jesus heard throughout the infinite spaces, proclaiming, with a rapture first caught on earth, "Somebody hath touched me"? So shall be fulfilled that which was written, "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

WILLIAM SKINNER.

## HELEN KELLER.

MARK TWAIN once said that he regarded Napoleon and Helen Keller as the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century. There are few adjectives which we could apply with equal appropriateness to both the 'Little Corporal' and the subject of the present sketch. *Indomitable* is one of them. To Napoleon *impossible* was a 'beast of a word.' Helen Keller's application for admission to Radcliffe College breathes the same spirit. In

the course of it she says: "I realise that the obstacles in the way of my receiving a college education are very great—to others they may seem unsurmountable: but a true soldier does not acknowledge defeat before the battle." If *indomitable* applies equally to the two names that Mark Twain brackets, his own word *interesting* is no less appropriate. Both are supremely interesting, although for very different reasons. The fascination of Napoleon lies in an iron will that regards not obstacle nor pity and in an unbounded ambition which all but wins its goal. The attraction of Helen Keller lies in the heroism wherewith she has transformed a region of darkness and of the shadow of death into a realm of light and inspiration.

There was a time when it would have been somewhat easier to write about Helen Keller than it is now. That was the time when she was the subject of psychological studies and notes, when it was still uncertain what her training was to result in, and when her main interest lay in the light which her case threw "on the relations of the senses to one another and on the relation of sense endowment to intellectual achievement." Now she is no longer the preserve of the psychologists. She is a lady who has passed through a college, and benefited more than most graduates by its education. Though she cannot see she has opened our eyes, and disclosed to us a gentle, noble soul. Though she cannot hear she has made us listen to every utterance of her cultured mind. She has broken through the ring herself and has turned the tables upon her would-be investigators. As she wrote five years ago, "When I learned from Berkeley that your eyes receive an inverted image of things which your brain unconsciously corrects, I began to suspect that the eye is not a very reliable instrument after all, and I felt as one who had been restored to equality with others, glad, not because the senses avail them so little, but because in God's eternal world, mind and spirit avail so much. It seemed to me that philosophy had been written for my special consolation, whereby I get even with some modern philosophers who apparently think that I was intended as an experimental case for their special instruction!"

In 1903 there was written a remarkable book. It bears the title *The Story of my Life, by Helen Keller.* This volume consists of four hundred and thirty pages. Of these one hundred and forty are occupied with a narrative of never flagging interest in which a girl, unable to see or hear, tells the story of her own

life. After this follow more than a hundred letters which she herself has written to various people, the earliest when she was seven years old, the latest while she was still at college. In the remaining hundred and fifty pages of the book are recorded, amongst much other interesting matter, the reports of Miss Sullivan, who was Helen's brilliant teacher and is still her constant companion and friend.

The pen that laid this autobiography before the public has been active ever since. In 1904 there appeared from it *My Key of Life: Optimism.* Its latest effort is a series of articles originally contributed to the *Century Magazine*, and issued last year in a volume entitled *The World I live in.*

It is time for us now to begin to answer the question, Who, then, is the author of these books? Who is the subject of one of the most memorable autobiographies in the English tongue? It was not thirty years ago that she first saw the light of day. She came to gladden the home of Major Keller and his wife on 27th June, 1880. Her parents lived in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama, and there she was brought up. Her father had been a Captain in the Confederate Army and was till his death a keen sportsman. In the sunny South, beside the old homestead, in a house covered with vines and roses and honeysuckle, Helen spent her early days. There was a certain precocity from the first. When six months old she could say 'How d'ye,' and one day she attracted everyone's attention by saying 'Tea, tea, tea,' quite distinctly. The day she was a year old she walked. She had brought into the home a joy which promised to continue when the bolt fell from the blue. At the age of eighteen months a sudden illness overtook her. It was so severe that little hope of her recovery was entertained. "Early one morning, however," she writes, "the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come." Great was the joy that followed her restoration to health, but it was soon turned into sadness. Life was indeed spared her but not sight or hearing. From that day no sound has reached her, no light cheered her darkness.

Signs now became a necessity. A pull meant 'come,' and a push 'go.' When she wished bread she imitated the cutting of the slices. If she wished ice-cream she acted as if she were working the freezer and then shivered. But there came a time when she discovered that others did not make the signs that she did. She found that they communicated with one another by moving

their lips. She touched their lips, but failed to understand, as she subsequently did, the secret of the movements. In desperation she moved her own lips and gesticulated frantically, but without result. No wonder that angry outbursts, followed by physical exhaustion, now became frequent. The poor child was doubly harassed. She was baffled in her attempt to use the power of speech, and the signs which she had employed with some success when her needs were simpler grew less and less adequate as her needs became more complex.

Was there any hope for her? A spark of hope was kindled in the hearts of her friends when they read Dickens's *American Notes.* For there he tells the story of Laura Bridgman, who, though blind and deaf, had been educated and had attained a fair degree of proficiency in what she had been taught. It was some time before the hope thus aroused was realised. When Helen was six years old, she was taken to an eye specialist to see if anything could be done for her eyes. The doctor could do nothing for her, but he referred her parents to Dr. A. G. Bell, of Washington. That interview was, as Helen says, "the door through which I passed from darkness to light, from isolation to friendship, companionship, knowledge, love." On Dr. Bell's recommendation a teacher from the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston was procured, and in March 1889 Miss Sullivan began her memorable work.

If the story of Helen Keller is wonderful, it owes its wonder, in a greater measure than we can well gauge, to the unobtrusive, patient, loving, and thoughtful labours of Miss Sullivan. When Ellen Terry met Miss Sullivan in 1895 she said to her in words that expressed the feelings of many, "I do not know whether I am glad to see you or not; for I feel so ashamed of myself when I think how much you have done for Helen." What she has done for her we can gather from Helen's autobiography, but perhaps still more from the reports in which she recorded from time to time the progress of her pupil. Plain, unadorned reports they are, modest in the extreme, disclaiming all title to genius, but showing a method, determination, and courageous confidence that rank her work amongst the noblest examples of self-effacing effort. Now that we know what she has attained we are apt to forget the extreme difficulty of the task which confronted her twenty-two years ago. She was face to face with a girl of seven who was quick-tempered, wilful, unre-

sponsive to all save her mother, and violent in her outbursts of anger when one of her desires was thwarted. The rest of the family were naturally anxious to avoid such outbursts, with the result that Helen was indulged to her heart's content. Thus Miss Sullivan had not only to gain the confidence and obedience of this highly-strung, restless, untrained child, but also the cooperation of her people. It was a hard task, but she never flinched, and a great reward is hers.

Helen Keller calls the day on which Miss Sullivan arrived "the most important day I remember in all my life." For some reason or other expectation was strong within her, though what or why she should expect was hidden from her. "Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog," she asks, "when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbour was."

What Miss Sullivan's coming effected in her life she afterwards recorded in striking sentences. "Once I knew the depth where no hope was and darkness lay on the face of all things. My life was without past or future. But a little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness, and my heart leaped to the rapture of living. Night fled before the day of thought, and love and joy and hope came up in a passion of obedience to knowledge."

Miss Sullivan began her work immediately on her arrival in the Keller household. She gave Helen a doll to play with, and while she was occupied with it she slowly spelt into her hand the manual symbols standing for *d-o-l-l*. This pressure on her hand appeared to the child some new kind of game, and the finger play interested her so much that she began to imitate it. She was not long in acquiring all the manual signs correctly. Only to her they were simply movements of the fingers; they were not signs of letters or words or names. But even this small beginning seemed in danger of coming to nothing because of Helen's disobedience and quick temper. Miss Sullivan at length persuaded Major and Mrs. Keller to allow their child to live along with her in a little garden house separate from the house in which the family lived. A period of two weeks was spent there, and though

Miss Sullivan regretted that a third had not been possible the fortnight sufficed to bring about a great change in Helen. She had learned obedience, and her wildness had become transformed into gentleness.

Day after day some new object was given to her, and when she was engaged in touching it with one hand the letters of its name were formed in her other hand. Thus associations were formed between the impressions made on her hand by the teacher and the sensations of touch caused by feeling the object. But that these impressions meant something, that they formed the name of the object with which she was in contact—this had not dawned on her. After four weeks of hard work she was able to spell the three verbs *sit, stand* and *walk,* and eighteen nouns such as *cup, key, water, head.*

The apprehension of what this spelling meant marked the first milestone on the road of her education. On the 3rd March her teaching had begun; on the 5th April the great illumination came, for it was on that day that she learned that "everything has a name, and that the manual alphabet is the key to everything she wants to know." This remarkable acquisition arose in the following way. The words *mug* and *milk* had greatly confused her. She would spell with her fingers *m-i-l-k*, and touch the mug, and when she spelt *m-u-g* she made the sign for pouring out or drinking. In order to help to clear away this confusion Miss Sullivan took Helen to the pump-house. The child held her mug under the spout while her teacher pumped. The cold water gushed over Helen's hand, and immediately Miss Sullivan spelled *w-a-t-e-r* into her free hand. The effect was marvellous. It was as if a door had been opened into a magic land. Helen stood for a time motionless, transfixed. A new light came into her face: the truth had dawned upon her. She had made the astounding discovery that things have names. "I knew then," she writes, "that *w-a-t-e-r* meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, set it free." As soon as she had learned *water* she dropped on the ground and made signs to be told its name. She asked for her teacher's name, for her sister's name, in fact for the name of everything she could touch on the way back from the pump-house. On that memorable day she learned thirty words. Her joy was intense, her confidence in her teacher assured. Next day it was the same. Object after object was

touched, name after name was acquired, and every name gave birth to new thought. The unresponsive nature was now transformed and overflowed in sheer gladness. The very face became more expressive every day.

But how was Helen to become the possessor of a living *language*? This was the next problem that had to be faced. And Miss Sullivan was equal to it. She would give no set lessons, but would teach her pupil at odd moments. She would treat her as a two-year-old child, and speak to her as one does to a young child. The child learns language because it imitates the language which it hears. Miss Sullivan therefore determined to go on talking into Helen's hand complete sentences just as she would talk them into the ear of a normal child. She trusted to Helen's power of assimilation. Some words in the sentence Helen understood, the rest she helped her to understand by gesture and descriptive sign. The method was a complete success. In a fortnight the child who had been imprisoned in a world of dark isolation was the possessor of a hundred words each of which was an avenue to light and companionship. Though she could express her sense only by words and not by sentences, she was yet able to understand the full sentences of which Miss Sullivan made use. Sentences frequently repeated were sure to impress themselves upon this apt learner. In time she would use them herself. By May she had got beyond nouns and verbs; she was using adjectives and adverbs. Before Miss Sullivan came she had signs for *small* and *large*. A tiny bit of the skin of one hand between the thumb and finger of the other signified small. The spreading of the fingers of both hands as wide as possible, and then bringing them together meant *big*. As soon as she learned the words she abandoned these signs.

Out-of-door strolls brought Helen into close contact with nature, animate and inanimate. And when she returned home from these strolls she was always eager to tell into the hands of others all that she had learned in her walks. Thus by sharing her experiences with others she maintained her interest in all that was within the range of her touch, while her intelligence was quickened the more she found in it a bond uniting her to a larger world. And this bond of union has never since relaxed. One of the most remarkable features of Miss Keller's life is her grasp of what men and women are doing and thinking the wide world over. When her education advanced and books began to afford

to her the immense attraction which they still exercise, it would have been no strange thing if she had taken refuge from her own disability in the silent realm of literature. But there has been no such withdrawal. She is ever eager for information, for the ideas of those with whom she is brought into contact. The result is "that her detailed information is singularly full and accurate, while she is a good talker on the little occasional affairs of life."

Four months of learning had not passed before noticeable results followed. Within that time Helen had acquired some three hundred words and a great many common idioms. She had also learned to make sentences of her own. Some of her early attempts are distinctly interesting. The sun was shining brightly into the room in which she was sitting. She shut the window to keep out the heat, but the closed glass made no difference. At last, unable to stand it any longer, she went over to Miss Sullivan and spelled into her hand emphatically, "Sun is bad boy. Sun must go to bed." The little pigs and chickens interested her greatly, and prompted the question, "Did baby pig grow in egg? Where are many shells?"

Two further acquisitions followed in a comparatively short time. One was the comprehension of an abstract idea. One day Helen noticed that she had made a mistake in the order of some beads which she was stringing. She turned her attention to the mistake, and tried to think what the order should have been. At that moment Miss Sullivan touched her forehead, and spelled the word *t-h-i-n-k*. "In a flash," writes Helen, "I knew that the word was the name of the process that was going on in my head." When people used to ask Miss Sullivan how she had been able to teach her pupil the names of abstract ideas like goodness and happiness, her invariable reply was that the idea was there already; all that she did was to attach the word-tag to it. "If you give a child something sweet, and he wags his tongue and smacks his lips and looks pleased, he has a very definite sensation; and if, every time he has this experience, he hears the word *sweet*, or has it spelled into his hand, he will quickly adopt this arbitrary sign for his experience."

The abstract ideas, however, raised not a few questions in Helen's mind. One of them came out in the query, "What colour is think?" Miss Sullivan explained that when we are happy our thoughts are bright, and when we are naughty they are sad. "Quick as a flash she said, 'My think is white, Viney's

(her negro nurse) is black.' You see, she had the idea that the colour of our thoughts matched that of our skin. I couldn't help laughing, for at that very moment Viney was shouting at the top of her voice:

> I long to sit on them jasper walls
> And see them sinners stumble and fall!"

The other acquisition, which we can do no more than name, was that which was destined to play an all-important part in Helen's after career, namely, reading.

WILLIAM MESTON.

*(To be continued.)*

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## INDIA: IMPRESSIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.*

THE vast improvement in the means of transit which has brought England so much nearer to India, though undoubtedly a blessing, is like most earthly blessings anything but unmixed. It is doubtful, for example, if the advent of the cold weather visitor has added to the amenities of Indian life. The said visitor means well and probably does his best to make himself pleasant, but in spite of good intentions and well meant efforts he, and even she, is apt to prove at times something of a nuisance. There are of course exceptional cases, not so few, happily, as some people suppose, where men and women of keen insight and wide sympathies bring into Anglo-Indian society a delightful breath of good home air, and gain, in return for the pleasure they give, an experience of Indian life which enables them on their return to the home land to correct false impressions and help their countrymen to arrive at a fairer and more accurate view of India and its people. Unfortunately, even when the agreeable predominates in experience, it is the disagreeable that is most apt to impress itself upon our memories, and consequently it is the political, commercial or ecclesiastical "Pagett," deficient in insight and unrestrained in criticism, who is generally taken as the typical globe-trotter.

There is a tendency among Anglo-Indians to resent any criticism from outsiders. This is a mistake. There is indeed some truth in the old adage that an onlooker sees most of the game. A man of genuine insight who conducts his inquiries in a sympathetic spirit may, even during the course of a few

* By J. Keir Hardie, M.P. London; *Independent Labour Party*; 1909.

months' tour, gain a very fair idea of Indian life. More than this, he may succeed in getting such a grasp of the essential features of that life as shall enable him to produce, if not a detailed picture, a powerful impressionist sketch which gives to those wholly unacquainted with India a better idea of it than they could gain from the more careful and accurate descriptions of men who have had long and intimate experience of the land and its people. It is when he passes from description to criticism that the casual observer is apt to betray his weakness by a tendency to exaggeration, if not actual misrepresentation, which, if taken seriously, is not only annoying but harmful. Few persons indeed are qualified to form judgments on complicated social and political problems except upon the basis of a long and varied experience. The tendency to mistake the exceptional for the normal, and to overlook all facts which do not fit in with their preconceived ideas, leads most men astray. It requires genius to free oneself from the influence of the personal equation to such an extent that setting aside ordinary standards of judgment one looks at things from the standpoint of a people whose ideas and actions are radically different from one's own.

Mr. Keir Hardie is in many respects an exceptional man. A poor uneducated miner lad, he has by sheer pluck and persistency risen to a position which commands the respect even of those most strongly opposed to his political principles. There are few of our public men who have read more widely, and still fewer who can express themselves either on the platform or in the press more clearly and effectively. Mr. Hardie, however, in spite of his gifts, is not possessed of that genius which, as we have said, is the only thing that enables a man to rise above the limitations of early experience and judge of new conditions and new problems from an altogether new standpoint. This does not mean that he is a man of hasty judgments addicted to ill-considered and unsympathetic criticism of matters with which he is not properly acquainted. The idea that he is a wild and irresponsible agitator has no basis except in the misrepresentation of a certain section of the press which persisted in attributing to him sentiments and statements which he has emphatically repudiated. The little volume, just published, in which he records his impressions of India and offers suggestions on its social and political problems, gives evidence of a serious and earnest attempt to set aside preconceptions and see things as they really

are. If the condition of the country at the time of his visit is taken into account, his statements must be regarded as on the whole moderate and reasonable. There are not many Englishmen of the democratic school, who after a two months' tour in districts ravaged by plague and famine and agitated by political unrest, would not indulge in a much wilder and more extravagant criticism Mr. Hardie, who was travelling for the sake of his health, had not intended to spend more than a week or two in India, but on reaching the country his interest was so thoroughly aroused that he changed his plans, and, instead of hurrying round the great cities in search of the picturesque, spent two months in careful inquiries into the condition of the people. In the course of his inquiries, he gained a vast amount of information and formed on the whole a very fair idea of Indian life, as it is to be seen under the abnormal conditions produced by famine and plague. His recognition of the fact that India is essentially an agricultural country and that her real life is to be seen not in the city but in the villages, kept him from falling into many of the pitfalls to which the casual observer is exposed. He was deeply impressed by what seemed to him the hopeless poverty of the masses of the people, and his inquiries led him to the conclusion that for this poverty, and the misery that results from it, the Government is in a large measure responsible. He compares the Government to an absentee landlord, rigorous in the exaction of rent but sadly careless of the interests of his tenants. Overtaxation is, he thinks, the cause of the slackness and thriftlessness of the agricultural classes. "Strive as he may," he says of the ryot, "he realizes that in the end the Sircar's kist will swallow up everything, and as he feels the weight of one impost after another weighing him down, and one restriction after another hemming him in, little wonder that his inherited fatalism comes to his aid and he lets things drift, feeling it to be hopeless to try to do battle against the tide which is carrying him forward towards the abyss." "The Government and its officials," he goes on, "all over the land battle manfully against plague and famine when these become acute; on that score there is no complaint against either their zeal or their humanity. What is overlooked, however, is the fact that the system now at work produces the conditions which make plague and famine inevitable; it, as it were, tills the soil and sows the seed of which plague and famine are the harvest."

If Mr. Hardie were dealing with the condition of the landless

classes, the proletariat, which owing to the peace and prosperity which have resulted from British rule has increased so rapidly that there is in many places a very decided pressure upon the means of subsistence, his description of the poverty of the people might be accepted as on the whole fairly accurate. As he specially declares, however, that his remarks apply not to the lower depressed classes but to the great body of the ryots, his conclusions must be rejected as grossly and palpably erroneous. If he had made allowance for the exceptional circumstances due to famine and plague, and remembered that even in his own land farmers as a class will never admit that they can make a reasonable profit from their land, he would not have taken so doleful a view of the condition of the farming community or come to the conclusion that its position "has worsened considerably under British rule." The ryot is not crushed beneath a burden of overtaxation. On the contrary, when the privileges which he enjoys are taken into account, there is probably no farmer in the world who pays less for the right to the exclusive occupancy of the soil which he cultivates. It is possible to show by appealing to figures that there has been a considerable increase in the sum realized by the taxes upon land, but, in view of the fact that the prices of all agricultural produce are now about three times what they were fifty years ago, it is absurd to maintain that Government is taking a larger or even an equal share of the net produce. If the Indian Government adopted the principle of taking a proportionate share of the produce, which Mr. Hardie and other land reformers would like to see acted upon in England, the land-tax would be very much greater than it is at present. Calculations of profit and loss, at least in connection with land, must be received with great caution. Ryots can bring forward accounts of expenditure and income which show that they are working their farms at a loss even in places where they can easily rent out their land at three or four times the amount of their annual kist.

It is impossible to deny that a considerable proportion of the smaller landholders are in the grip of the money-lender, whose claims are so pressing that after satisfying them the unfortunate debtor is just able to keep above the starvation line in ordinary seasons and is reduced to absolute destitution when a harvest fails. This widespread indebtedness is not, however, to be attributed to the pressure of exorbitant taxation, but to the rash im-

providence of the people, which leads them to expend far more than they can afford in deference to a foolish conventionalism. However poor a ryot may be he considers himself disgraced if he does not spend some hundreds of rupees on the marriage of a son or a younger brother. In a single week he thus throws away more than would suffice to pay all his taxes for ten or twelve years. When to this rash expenditure on marriages there is added an ineradicable inclination to resort to litigation on the flimsiest pretexts the wonder is not that the ryot is poor but that he is able to live as well as he does. Government might do more, a good deal more, to develop the resources of the country and improve the condition of the people, but even if we take the least favourable view of its policy, it is impossible, we believe, to point to any country where more is being done. Mr. Hardie cannot fail to have noticed, and it is a matter of surprise that he has not called attention to, the fact that the Indian administration is, more than that of any other civilised country, conducted on socialistic lines. The land system, the methods of the Forest and Public Works Departments, the industrial schemes associated with schools of art and industry, all these embody ideals which in Europe are still regarded as revolutionary.

All who know India will join with Mr. Hardie in deploring the growing estrangement between Europeans and Indians. There is little doubt that the average European official of to-day is much less in touch with those amongst whom he lives and works than was his predecessor of fifty years ago. Mr. Hardie hits the nail upon the head when he attributes this in large measure to the system of frequent transfers, which keeps officials in ignorance of what goes on in their districts and prevents them from entering into free and friendly personal relations with those over whom they rule. There is also a good deal to be said in favour of his contention that the residence of the heads of departments, for so great a part of the year, in the Simla Elysium tends to promote red tape and to keep those who control the administration out of touch with the people.

Mr. Hardie is on more debateable ground when he takes up the question of "the colour line in India." He does not even suggest that all Englishmen are guilty of discourtesy in their dealings with natives; on the contrary he speaks in the highest terms of the tact and kindly sympathy of men like Sir John Hewett, to whose wise administration he attributes the absence

of grave disaffection in the United Provinces; but he was so painfully impressed by some glaring instances of inexcusable insolence on the part of Englishmen towards educated Indians of good social standing that he is inclined to regard the pride and assumption of English officials and their overbearing manners as one of the chief causes of the dissatisfaction and resentment that have arisen in the minds of the educated classes.

It is easier to criticize Mr. Hardie's impressions than his suggestions, which are in most cases eminently reasonable and practicable. He lays most weight upon schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the masses, such as irrigation schemes, and the establishment of Boards with ample funds at their disposal for the development of agriculture and industry on the lines of the successful Congested Districts Board in Ireland. With regard to political reform he concludes that "no matter what is done for India there can be no real pacification, no allaying of discontent, no breaking down of the barrier rising between European and Asiatic, until the people of India have some effective form of self-government." No wise statesman will deny that self-government is the ideal to be aimed at; the only questions are how and when the ideal is to be realised. Mr. Hardie recognises, as all sensible people do, that self-government is a goal to be worked towards, not a ready-made scheme to be inaugurated by some sudden and revolutionary change in the administration. He considers a development of the local government system as the best preparation for it, and in order to make local government at once popular and effective he would restore the old village panchayat system and entrust to elected councils "the control of the village schools, the village wells and irrigation tanks, the grazing lands, the supply of fuel, and other matters closely connected with the life of the people." Few who know the people, their needs and their aspirations, will be inclined to find fault with suggestions of this nature.

W. H. CAMPBELL.

## *SPOKEN AND WRITTEN TELUGU.—A STUDY IN LINGUISTIC REFORM.*

THE tendency of the present age may be characterized as a revolt against stagnation; and it is a proof of its growing and

resistless universality rather than of any remarkable receptivity in the people of the Telugu country that this spirit should have penetrated their *sanctum* and overwhelmed their most cherished institutions. Of all nations in the country, the Telugus are perhaps the most antagonistic to change by instinct and habit. We have been one of the slowest to benefit by the lessons of the West, and to recover from the long depression of spirits inflicted by pre-British rulers of the country. But such as we are, we have borne our share in the storm and whirlwind of social and political reform that have swept over the country these several decades, and now by a stretch of the same process our most individualistic asset, the Telugu language, seems destined to lose its long-enjoyed respite from the infection. An ardent advocate, if not the apostle, of this reform is Mr. G. V. Apparao, B. A., who, in the preface to his recently published Telugu comedy (*Kanya Sulkam*) urges a strong plea for the approximation (he does not say *substitution*) of literary to vernacular Telugu. Mr. Apparao is not a mere doctrinaire. He has himself made a very successful use of the spoken dialect in writing his play, and has established its claim for sweetness, power and range of expressiveness. He has proved beyond doubt that it is not merely a useful but the only possible medium for dramatic dialogue, especially in a comedy of manners, where it attracts by reason of its naturalness and realism, its sweet simplicity and directness. Its capacity for more serious and sublime forms of literature has yet to be put to the test, though Mr. Apparao feels no manner of doubt as to this, but predicts for it the position of being the literary expression of the whole nation.

He observes, and with much reason, that the literary dialect with its arbitrary verbal contractions, its cumbrous metres and obsolete grammatical forms is "a great disability imposed by tradition upon the Telugus." So far as the masses are concerned, and those who have learnt the language merely through the ear, the language of books is as strange and unintelligible as a foreign tongue. The difference between it and the vernacular is not one of mere ideas. Neither is it a difference merely of styles. It is partly one of composition and partly of grammatical terminations. The latter is comparatively slight if we except corrupted forms which are the result mostly of euphony and the general operation of phonetic laws. As regards the difference in composition it

may be observed as a very curious fact that the literary dialect, abounding in the Sanskritic element, has always managed to keep its door shut against all other foreign intruders; while the vernacular has, unconsciously perhaps, but as an inevitable working of natural laws, freely and lavishly granted the rights of citizenship to words from all languages which have had anything to do with it. The Sanskritic element is the life and soul of Telugu. It adds richness to the language, variety to the diction, and sanctity to its status as the vernacular of the Aryan settlers in the country. Its happy variation of sounds in Telugu forms the basis of its pretension to be the Italian of the East. Our treatment of other languages is quite different. The first barrier against their admission is the discordance that would result from an admixture of such divergent types and groupings of sounds. This is not the occasion for recounting the differences in the structure of Telugu and other languages, say English, but one fundamental feature of Telugu words may be mentioned, *viz.*, their general tendency to vocalize their terminal consonants—thus differing, it will be seen, from English and generally from all other languages. The other obstacle is only a linguistic expression of the proud isolation of the Hindu, his general disinclination to recognise other nations as fit to consort with him and his.

While this was so, the literature was not slow to widen the cleavage between the popular and literary dialects. Its history may be divided into three distinct periods according as it was influenced by the old Sanskritic culture, then by its decadence, and lastly by modern western culture. The first period coincides with the birth of Telugu poetry and grammar. It happens to be the richest and best stage, and, as might be expected, its chief glory rests on the simplicity, softness and sweetness of the language in which its ideas were clothed. It was a period at which the spoken dialect, rich with the accumulation of ages, was sanctified and elevated to the literary. Its grammar was of current forms, its idiom native and pure, and its metres quite natural and fitted to the genius of the language. Since then, various causes, social and political in nature, have conspired to place the old classic culture at a discount. All through, Sanskrit continued to be studied, but no longer for its own sake, but for the purpose of making a parade of learning before people who made no large pretensions to it themselves. The Augustan period of Telugu literature was when Krishnaraya, King of Vijayanagar, a distinguish-

ed man of letters himself, called together at his court the best intellects of his day and lavishly patronized indigenous culture. His age produced group on group of poets, but already the canker of false taste had begun to overtake the literary art, and all old ideals began to wane. Meanwhile, the language grew with all the animation of a healthy and vigorous organism. It was enriched by contributions from foreign languages and branched off into all parts of the country in its dialectal variety. But its exigencies lay altogether unprovided for in its literary counterpart. The foreign element was kept at a distance. The dialects were totally expatriated. The syntax and prosody continued as when they were first systematized. At the same time the idiom of the language was smothered beneath an indiscriminate heap of Sanskritisms. The happy variety of style which the early poets secured by a judicious intermixture of Sanskrit was followed to excess till Telugu poetry became a hunting ground for bad Sanskrit and worse Telugu. The style became overburdened with fantastic compound words which, judged by De Quincey's test for Kant's sentences, would each measure two feet eight by six inches, and were only fit for a Megatherium or a pre-Adamite. All sorts of verbal conceits were freely indulged, and what was only a diversion with versatile writers soon became the rule with sixth-rate ones. Poets showed their skill by writing under severe self-imposed restrictions. Some tabooed the Sanskrit element and employed wire-drawn and far-fetched turns of expression. Others steered clear of stated letters of the alphabet. Others still wrote so as to produce one meaning from top to bottom and another the other way. Whole books were written so as to give two and sometimes more meanings each suited to a different plot! Words were twisted and tortured from their true import so as to secure this ambitious but absurd purpose, and no apology was made for the deliberate murder of sense. There was nothing approaching literary criticism and no attempt was made to preserve the pristine grandeur of literary ideals. In fact there was no prose worth the name, and, curiously enough, the first poets were also the first, best, and only prose-writers in the language, their prose being interspersed among and giving variety to their metrical style, but still satisfying the best requisites of a highly idiomatic, natural and vigorous prose.

The influence of the culture of the West has resulted in the indiscriminate adoption and imitation of western ideals without

much of the virtues that distinguish them. The output of the past few decades is not at all commensurate in quality or quantity with the growth of western culture. All sorts of literary composition are put in hand on English models—the novel, the drama, history, biography and literary criticism—but the resemblance is only one of name and form and none of spirit. A tendency is now and again manifest to discard conventional and arbitrary standards of taste. Thus verbal juggleries are becoming a thing of the past; fantastic involutions of thought, far-fetched conceits and stilted expression are ceasing to be qualities of style. But this is at the same time partly owing to poverty of invention and paucity of learning. All through, the standard of art has descended very low, judged from English, Sanskrit or old Telugu standpoints. The language continues unimproved—nay, while its native purity is being still further defiled, much of its old vocabulary is turning obsolete for want of occasion and the man. We think half in English and half in Telugu to the detriment of both, and one of the most unpleasant experiences of the present writer is to meet an English equivalent word or phrase inserted in the midst of not a few Telugu prose passages to render them the more intelligible. The net result of this state of things is that Telugu literature as it exists at the present day repels by reason of its uninviting, half-English diction, its banality of sentiment, and barrenness of art. Only a few writers of the past, with a genius for artistic taste, writers who in their day set the standards of literary excellence, shine through the mist of ages and continue to hold their torch aloft. As for the rest, their distorted ideals have woven such fetters round the freedom of human thought that we are as much incapacitated from enjoying much that is excellent in the past as from producing much that is excellent in future. Telugu literature under their influence is as good as dead, and the duty of reviving it rests on those who claim to benefit by the new spirit of progress.

But there is an ominous uniformity in the history of all our reform movements. In every case, social, religious and linguistic, our past ideals are all glorious, and our departure from them egregious and based on misconception. The nation is as a rule lukewarm. The opposition is strong and manned by self-styled guardians of national purity, *pandits* of the old strata who venerate whatever is as right and legitimate and never allow others to encroach on their preserve. The reformers are headlong and iconoclastic and go to the other

extreme in advocating a wholesale replacement of the *status quo* by models which are both uncalled-for and unsuitable, under circumstances where a golden mean between the two courses is not only natural but prudent and effectual.

It is to be feared that the advocates of linguistic reform ignore the coexistence of both spoken and written dialects in the languages of all civilized nations. Books in any language have a tendency to encourage a diction too remote from the style of spoken idiom. Authors are always notorious for tampering with the purity and the native beauty of the idiom of their language. Cicero and Quintilian in their respective generations in Rome, like De Quincey in his own day in England, complain that the idiom of their languages has clean gone out of books and only survives among women and children. The two dialects always display a tendency to interchange according as the nation is more given to literature or conversation. The French, for instance, are well-known as a nation of talkers. So their literary style is noted for its racy idiomatic propriety, while among the English, who are comparatively more taciturn, the spoken dialect of all who are in touch with literature has approximated to the literary. The pretensions of spoken and written Telugu are primarily determined on the basis of our natural disposition, and of the amount of output in either, not on the eloquence brought into play in vindicating either. This again depends on the suitability of either to treat of subjects for which the nation has an aptitude and a predilection. It is as much an error of judgment to advocate a reversion from literary to spoken Telugu as it would be to recommend the elevation of the spoken to the status of the written dialect. Now there can be absolutely no question as to the suitability of spoken Telugu to render comic dialogue. It would be unnatural in the extreme to clothe the common sentiments of daily life in the language of the dictionary. But it cannot be maintained that the vulgar tongue lends itself to the expression of higher thoughts and sentiments. Apart from its inability to soar to the necessary heights, it would tell heavily on the dignity of the sentiment and tend to give it an air of bathos. All forms of colloquialism are no doubt lively and picturesque; but, asks a great writer, "what man in his senses would employ them in a grave work and speaking in his own person?" They are the expression of low life, of garrulity rather than solemnity, of the chattering man as opposed to the meditating man.

At the same time it must be remembered that the vulgar tongue is not the alternative to the literary. There is a mean which partakes of the nature and eschews the evil of both, and which in all civilised languages has established its claim as the medium of all popular literature. Addison, Swift, Steele, Fielding, Lamb and Thackeray among English writers have used it with admirable effect. In their hands it has attained a high state of classic perfection. Thackeray's language especially is almost colloquial, but he employs it to the highest pitch of artistic excellence. Now it is perfectly possible and does great credit to our western culture to adopt a similar style for Telugu and make it classic. The Telugu of books is not by any means a dead language. True, much of it is now becoming obsolete, but all that will become of great use in the treatment of suitable subjects in prose and rhyme. Nay, it has to be replenished a great deal if it is to keep pace with the growing needs of civilisation. A Telugu Shakespeare, if one is ever destined to rise, will have use for ten thousand words to keep pace with his myriad-mind, and will indent on every language and every resource of the human intellect to gratify his boundless demand. He will take hold of the redundancies in the language and make them the basis for enriching it by establishing fine shades of difference between word and word. He will sanctify one of its dialects by his use and make it the language of the nation and all the rest its handmaids. Telugu linguistic reform should address itself to preparing the way for such a master writer. It consists not so much in changing the orthography and syntax of the language as in simplifying the literary style, in purging it of its artificial standards of taste, in restoring the domain of art, in reviving the genius of the language, in discarding its cumbrous metres and unnatural verbiage which have so long preyed upon the life-blood of sense, and in a *judicious* admixture of the foreign element so as to widen the range of expression without sacrificing the melody of the language. These attempts require no plea to recommend them, but will follow as a matter of course with a long train of changes in the grammatical forms, given men of genius who can write with a due sense of literary propriety.

As for a reform of Telugu grammar, it cannot by any means be stated to have a strong case to support it. There is after all not such a divergence between our grammar as spoken and written as is at first apt to be imagined. No doubt there are variations,

and some of them of no small consequence, but, as stated above, they are mostly the result of the limitations of the human voice and the environments of the respective dialects, and no living language is immune from them; they correspond to the variations that exist between the English of books and its various provincial dialects. Once the grammar were revised in the light of them, would it always continue intact? Never, so long as the language lives and grows. The language of books is permanent, the grammar is uniform, but the dialects always must and do differ. In the history of the English language, the midland dialect was at one time standardised as the language of the country, but to-day every English county has a dialect of its own. The differences would constitute a plea for altering the grammar if they bore on the inflections or were sufficiently marked otherwise. But this is hardly ever the case. The conjugation of Telugu verbs, for instance, presents some cases of difference, but a close examination of them cannot fail to show that *all* of them can be traced to the time when the initial accent of Telugu words was shifted to the end and one of the two or three unaccented terminal syllables was slurred over in the process; or when the inflectional *n* was gradually diluted and finally dropped. Even what at first appears to be a formidable divergence in the formation of the infinitive can be traced to the operation of phonetic laws. Perhaps a real case of difference in the inflections occurs in the future tense termination of third personal verbs which in the literary dialect is invariably rendered by the *Thaddharma* (the universal tense), while the popular dialect has adopted the more rational way of forming this on the analogy of the first and second personal future. It is likewise true that in not a few cases there is a superfluity of grammatical forms not sanctioned by the vernacular, and doubtless meant to meet the exigencies of a difficult system of metres.

Now and then also one comes across a rule of grammar based on the analogy of Sanskrit but having no counterpart in the language either as spoken or as written. But these and the like cannot go far in justifying a wholesale reversal of grammar. Our grammar was mainly constructed after the model of what was once the spoken dialect, but, like English grammar after 1848, once systematized, it was settled for all time. Its subsequent history is not marked by any revolutions. The government of the country in the meantime has passed from nation to nation. Our

modes of life have changed, not a few of our institutions have been overwhelmed in the flood tide of foreign influence. The vernacular of the country has been one of the readiest to bow to the inexorable law of change. But whether it is due to the solidarity of our more permanent systems or the determined conservatism of the people, our grammar to-day retains its traditions of centuries. Once in a way it exhibits an isolated instance of foreign conquest like its too familiar "Persian dative," but in the main it shows not a trace of such changes as the Norman-French influence introduced into the English language; as made Caxton in his old age despair of understanding the English of books written in his boyhood; or as turned English from a highly inflected language into one of which Dr. Johnson observed, "Sir, the English language has no grammar at all."

Y. NARAYANAMURTHY.

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## *A RETROSPECT.*

When from the threshold of my life, a boy,
  I gazed along its dim-lit aisle and bare;
  To fill it with all pleasures, sweet and rare,
And light it with the radiant lamp of joy,
Was first my dream; but soon there reached my ears
  The weary wail of man and womanhood,
  And then I vow'd my days for others' good—
To ease their travail and to dry their tears.
But now as I draw near the farther gate,
  How fares it with that noble, manly love?
    Is this, alas! the hapless helper's doom—
    Blindly to grope within the barren gloom
  Of selfishness, nor hope from Heaven above
For guiding light, nor feel his sordid state?

A. MADHAVIAH.

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## *NOTES OF THE MONTH.*

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the formation in Madras of "The Indian South Africa League," to take cognisance, and by all lawful and constitutional methods to seek the removal, of the grievances of Indians in South Africa. There are many difficult

problems in South Africa; and it would be ungenerous to seek to add to the difficulties of her statesmen. At the same time, it must be remembered that we are all bound together in an Imperial unity, and we must seek the highest, though it may be the most difficult, policy all round. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the South Africa League, and all who are taking up the question, will try to face the issues in the broadest way. A merely Indian point of view is likely to be met, and may fairly be met, by a merely South African point of view. The strongest ground, and the only ground from which the best results can be won, is that of Imperial policy as a whole. This may be less immediately attractive; but it is best. As some writers have pointed out, the South African natives have to be considered. Indians have no more right than Europeans to exploit South Africa at the expense of the indigenous races. Lord Ampthill and other friends of India are taking up the question in England; if a strong and statesman-like policy is pressed from India also, we have little doubt that the politicians of South Africa will be brought to recognise their duty as constituents of a world-wide empire.

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In the controversy as to the delivery of telegrams, there is a point which has not received sufficient attention, and which we have long felt to call for reform. The word for word charge for addresses is hardly equitable, either to the senders or to the receivers of telegrams. Piccadilly is no easier to find than Queen Victoria Street; China Bazaar Street cannot be described as more obscure or remote than Broadway. But in both cases, whether in England or in India, the one is charged three times as high as the other. Of two messages, one of (let us say) ten words, one of thirty, it is clear that both sender and recipient get three times as much value out of the telegraph service by the latter: no one will grumble that it should cost more. But the many-worded address cannot be said to benefit either party more than the address of a single word. It is quite true that this can be met by a registered address; but only big business houses can afford that luxury. Small firms and private persons must be content with their regular postal addresses. These, especially in large towns, are apt to be lengthy. An address charged as seven or eight words (no uncommon thing in a big city) is vexatious in the case of an ordinary six-anna telegram; for a cable, where ten or twelve rupees are at stake, it is oppressive. For such cases, it seems to us, the most reasonable thing would be to replace the word for word charge by a maximum charge (the equivalent of two or three words) for any *bona fide* address, irrespective of length, to be included in the minimum charge for the message. The six-anna charge, *e.g.*, would then cover a message of not more than nine words and the address. We

think this would be fairer to all parties than the present method; and it would dispose of most of the difficulties as to "insufficient address."

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We have not yet heard the last of the controversy as to the Vernaculars in South India. There is a general, though perhaps vague, feeling that the present provisions of the University courses lack finality, and a general expectation of change, coupled with considerable uncertainty as to the direction in which change is likely or desirable. But the matter is one of more than academic interest; that is the solid justification for Government's recent interference on the subject. There is no possibility, within the limits of a reasonable forecast of the future, of treating South India as a single linguistic area; in the mean time, therefore, it is imperative that no effort should be spared to get the best results out of the existing vernaculars.

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A contribution to the development of an effective policy has been made by Mr. P. T. Srinivas Iyengar, in a pamphlet called *Death or Life—a Plea for the Vernaculars.* Along with a good deal of technical matter, some of which will be wasted on the general reader, while some appeals only to those conversant with Tamil or with Telugu, he makes a number of shrewd and practical criticisms and suggestions, which deserve consideration. What impresses us as the greatest need of South India is the development of a single, perfected vernacular for each language-area. There are gulfs enough between class and class along other lines. The language ought to be made a medium to minimise, not to accentuate, this division. The real vernacular, competent for this purpose, has yet to be developed; but we believe Mr. Srinivas Iyengar is right in his contention that the basis for it already exists in the customary home speech of educated families. Such a language must be intimately in touch on the one hand with the every day life of farm and factory, and on the other hand with the world of radium, aeroplanes, self-government, and Pragmatism. If divorced from the life of the peasant, the language will not be a true vernacular; if divorced from the science and philosophy of the modern world, it can never be the real speech of the educated classes—they will be forced, more and more, to make English their one medium of thought and expression. In either case, a deadly cleavage is introduced into (*e. g.*) the Tamil people. It is quite true that in England the speech of the Dorset labourer seems ludicrously unlike that of the London merchant or the Oxford undergraduate. None the less, English may be said to form a continuous ladder from the cottage to the mansion and the university. Every day-labourer has his own views on "Fiscal Policy" and armaments; and the artizan's son has

no language-barrier to check his progress to the highest range of science or philosophy. Something like that should be the ideal for every important Indian vernacular. To achieve it, there must be a tremendous advance in popular education, and in the education of women. The present almost inevitable want of understanding between husbands and wives in respect of the highest culture is one of the most serious obstacles to progress. But the most necessary, and in many ways the most urgent measure, is the shaping and recognition of a practical, yet not illiterate, vernacular speech as the standard medium of expression. Mr. Srinivas Iyengar insists (*inter alia*) that (*a*) the written language should as much as possible approximate to the colloquial dialect spoken clearly; (*b*) the actual language of the "higher classes"...is not only "correct" but also nervous, and should be the basis of the literary dialect, either for purposes of art or science; and (*c*) phonetic changes that have become permanent should be adopted in the written language. We believe these principles to be sound, and that it is along the lines indicated that progress must be sought.

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THE miserable recriminations between Dr. Cook and Commander Peary over the discovery of the North Pole have abated most men's interest in Arctic exploration. But there is one point in the achievements of the Peary expedition which should not be overlooked—the discovery of many interesting relics of earlier explorers. The records do not lose in their appeal by reminding us of the days when the North Pole had not yet been degraded by the spirit of pot-hunting and record-breaking. The finds include provisions left by the Greeley expedition of 1881, and a hymn-book of the ill-fated Lieutenant Kislingbury, relics of the *Polaris* expedition of 1871, and cartridges left behind by Sir George Nares in 1876. The fact that the food and the cartridges were still in good condition is eloquent testimony to the preserving power of the perennial Arctic frost.

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IT is refreshing to turn from the clamorous achievements of the north to the preparations being made by Captain Scott for a fresh Antarctic expedition. Captain Scott has proved his worth in the past, and all the world must wish him success in his new venture. *The Voyage of the Discovery* is certainly one of the most fascinating stories of travel ever published, and shows that Captain Scott is not merely a man of action. Incidentally, it accentuates the pusillanimity of the Peary type of discoverer, who goes to the Pole alone, because he is jealous lest any one else should share his glory. The chief of such an expedition need never fear eclipse; the danger is that his own name

will absorb the honour due to his colleagues and subordinates. In the preface to his book, Captain Scott wrote with becoming modesty and an honourable desire for the distinction of his companions, fearful that their work in important departments would be either overlooked or falsely credited to him. Nevertheless, it is as "Captain Scott's expedition" that we habitually speak and think of the voyage of the *Discovery*. We are very glad that a Mansion House Fund has been opened to defray the cost of the forthcoming Antarctic expedition.

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By a fortunate coincidence, the publication of what is likely to be a work of permanent authority on the Eskimos of the Arctic regions synchronizes with the prominence given to that interesting race by the discovery of the North Pole. Studies of the race written by the Danish explorer, Knud Rasmussen, have been translated into English, and published, with illustrations by Count Harald Moltke, by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. Many will turn with expectation to this account of the kindred of Etukishook. But the interest of the book is not merely topical. It is a first-hand account, by an observer who has enjoyed special advantages, of the life of a peculiar race, compiled before the contact of a higher and more widespread civilisation has obliterated or destroyed their distinctive customs and beliefs. The student of folklore and anthropology will find many things of value in this book, especially the full and sympathetic account of the ways of the Angákoq or wizard of the Eskimos. There could hardly be a greater contrast to tropical India than the frozen plains and seas of the Pole. Yet points of resemblance may be found to connect these extremes. We often underestimate the uniformity of man's reaction against the problems forced upon him by the world in which he lives. The book under consideration is too costly (£1. 1s. *net*) for most private buyers; but we hope that libraries and public institutions will make it generally accessible.

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The October number of *Young Men of Madras* gives a part of the powerful speech made by Mr. T'ang Kuo-an, the Chinese representative, before the International Opium Commission. It is one of many indications of the awakening of China. Opium has been a ruinous force in China, morally destructive and at the same time economically mischievous. Like James Gilmour, of Mongolia, the most clear-sighted of China's statesmen to-day recognise that the opium habit entails a double loss; besides the direct expenditure on the drug, there is the impoverishment that comes through its usurping land which should be producing more life-giving crops, such as cereals. China feels that the opium has been a national curse; it seems she is

determined to make a national effort to conquer it. Her sincerity is evidenced by the practical steps taken to check and eradicate the vice. It is the duty of other nations to second her loyally in these efforts. We are well aware that there is a right and legitimate use of opium; but it is the merest sophistry to dwell on that. No candid man can deny that the production and consumption of opium, especially its consumption in China, is far in excess of what is healthy or legimate. India and Britain are intimately affected in this matter. We trust that their Governments will leave nothing undone which can help China to cure this evil that has been sapping her life

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IDENTITY of name is a fruitful source of confusion in historical matters in the minds of the average, and one from which professed students of history are not always completely free. There are no doubt scores of F. A. candidates every year who suppose that Philip II. of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, is the same Philip who fought against Rome in the Macedonian Wars; while others are as sincere and as unhesitating in crediting Demosthenes the orator with the brilliant successes in Aetolia achieved by the arms of his namesake in the Peloponnesian War. Such confusion is the more likely, and the more excusable, when a family name like Caesar or Ptolemy is in question. The composite portrait of "Herod" sketched in a recent number of the *Expository Times* is no exaggeration. There must be hundreds of readers of the New Testament whose mental picture of Herod only differs (if it differs at all) from Dr. Hastings' parody by omitting, through faulty recollection, one or more of the crimes he includes. "The Herod of our infantile imagination," he writes, "is a composition. It is a creature that is scarcely human, compiled from the criminal record of the whole family. It is a sort of ogre who massacres the babes of Bethlehem, to whose table the head of John the Baptist is brought in a charger, who stretches forth his hands to vex certain of the Church, who kills James the brother of John with the sword, who, 'because he saw it pleased the Jews,' proceeds further to take Peter also, and whose proper and exquisitely hideous end is to be eaten of worms and give up the ghost." This explicit summary is suggestive; it may help to introduce the needed discrimination of persons into the minds of many who have been content to carry the portraits of their "infantile imagination" into their maturer life.

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WHAT prompted Dr. Hastings to refer to the subject was a characteristic article contributed by Dr. A. W. Verrall to the *Journal*

*of Theological Studies.* Readers acquainted with Dr. Verrall's work in the field of classical scholarship will expect suggestion, rather than conviction, from his article. His conclusion, from a careful examination of the appearance of Jesus Christ before Herod, is (in brief) that it was an informal and friendly inquiry, and in no sense a "trial," and that as the upshot of it Antipas came to the conclusion that Jesus, though worthy of personal veneration, was of no political importance, that it was ludicrous to represent Him in that light, and that Pilate might therefore let Him go.

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APART from its direct value, as an interpretation of the character of Herod, Dr. Verrall's article may be usefully contrasted with a recent utterance of Mr. Hall Caine's, communicated to the *British Weekly* under the title, "Christ in Egypt." The gist of the novelist's remarks is that the British Government in Egypt and other non-Christian lands is placed in a position analogous to that of the Romans in Judea; that if confronted by a man "claiming a divine mission," the Christian Government of the Soudan could not escape from the necessity of putting him to death; that this must qualify our censure of Pontius Pilate, who in crucifying Jesus simply discharged "his absolute duty as the representative of Tiberius;" and that the British Government of non-British races all over the world is altogether on wrong lines.

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THERE is no need to discuss these views at length, as they were sufficiently answered in the next number of the *British Weekly* by Mr. J. N. Farquhar, of Calcutta. He shows that Mr. Hall Caine's fears are groundless; the policy of British rule, absolute neutrality to the religions of the country governed, coupled with full freedom to all and sundry to change or to propagate their own faith, is completely vindicated by its success in India, and is the only policy which can be contemplated for the Soudan. It is alike politic from the point of view of Government, and a solemn duty from the point of view of the governed, to allow the fullest freedom for the propagation of the Christian religion, which, in spite of its admitted tendency to produce unrest, is a force that makes for purity, stability, and peace in national life. Neither India nor the Soudan can be kept from the permeating influences of European industry, science, philosophy and politics. All these will necessarily rank, and it is only fair that they should rank, as the expressions of that life of the West which has its highest manifestation in the Christian religion which so largely animates and controls them. Nothing could be more unreasonable or more

disastrous than to admit these other forces, and the nominally, though often very imperfectly, Christian men connected with them, and at the same time to try to exclude the avowed missionary in whom the fullest and only definitely religious expression of the religion of the West is to be found. The free hand which the strongly national government of Japan has found it possible to allow to the Christian religion in that country is a sufficient vindication of the liberty conceded to it under Christian governments in non-Christian lands.

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THE contrast between Dr. Verrall's rehandling of the Gospel story and Mr. Hall Caine's lies here. The former represents the attempt to recover, by legitimate scholarship, the truest historical apprehension of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus; the latter is a striking example of the danger of reaching conclusions from analogies, hastily framed, without a secure basis of historical study and insight. We doubt whether Dr. Verrall's conclusion will commend itself entirely to the best New Testament scholars; but the lines on which he approaches the question are sound; he tries to reinterpret the situation in the light of what history itself has to tell us as to the character and position of Herod, Pontius Pilate, and the other actors in the drama. The Manx novelist attempts his reconstruction on the strength of a three years' sojourn in the East, without reference to the obvious facts of Roman History, and with no other guide than his own imagination. The result is a complete misreading of the character of Pontius Pilate, and an interpretation of the words of Jesus Christ which seems to us hardly compatible with real reverence for His character. Pilate is represented as failing altogether to gauge the real significance of Jesus, as crucifying Him from a genuine fear that He was politically dangerous, according to principles which Roman and British statesmanship are alike obliged to endorse, and as therefore undeserving of the obloquy heaped upon him by Christian writers. Bacon's "jesting Pilate" itself is hardly wider of the mark than this. It is evident from the Gospels that Pilate *did* understand the significance of Christ's answers to his questions—not, perhaps, in all the amplitude of their Divine self-consciousness, but fully enough to see that He was politically negligible, and to penetrate the diabolical plot of Christ's opponents. Why, then, did he crucify Him? To save his own position. "Thou art no friend to Cæsar" was the hint that made him amenable to the schemes of the Jews. Pilate could not afford to risk an adverse report to the Emperor. That is the supreme tragedy of the trial with reference to Pilate. In spite of Mr. Hall Caine, we think that the trilingual inscription on the Cross, "the King of the Jews," was no sincere political manifesto, but bitter with irony—somewhat petty irony, it may be, but very human.

BEFORE we leave the subject, we may point to one more weakness that penetrates Mr. Hall Caine's treatment of the subject. He seems to regard it as axiomatic that any government is forced to oppress the religious leader, the prophet, of any religion other than its own. "If the people believe they have the messenger of God in their midst they are not going to obey the servants of the State." That depends entirely on the character of the religion or the religious movement in question. The religion of Jesus, throughout its history, has been explosive in its tendencies: it has never been anarchic. Christ's own "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," the apostolic injunction to "honour the Prince [*i.e.*, the Roman Emperor]," and the place which Christianity came to occupy under the Empire, show that on this as on other points Mr. Caine's generalisation is baseless and unsound. And it might be shown from the history of India that there is ample room for religious movements to grow and expand without any sort of conflict with political authorities from which they may differ in creed and institutions.

## LITERARY NOTICES AND NOTES.

*Inspiration.* By W. H. T. Gairdner, B.A. London, Madras, and Colombo; Christian Literature Society; 1909.

MR. GAIRDNER is a gifted graduate of Oxford, who has been for many years at work in Cairo in connection with the C. M. S. It is the Moslem reader, the Moslem inquirer, that he has chiefly in mind; from the Indian point of view, we could wish to see another interlocutor added (for the work is a dialogue) who might represent the Indian theory of inspiration in its bearing on the Veda. The pamphlet, however, is suggestive, and may be commended especially to Mohammedan readers. The dialogue represents the conversations of a little company of seekers after truth—many of them (including one Indian) Moslems, several Christians, and one a Jew. The scene is Cairo, the speakers mostly Egyptian; but the theme is of universal interest—what is the manner by which God has inspired men (if indeed He has inspired them) to write of the things of God? There are three sacred books to be considered, which involve competing theories of inspiration—the "Law" of the Jew, the Qur'án of the Moslem, and the New Testament of the Christian. The first part of the dialogue contains the Jew's exposition (on decidedly modern lines) of the inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old Testament. A counterblast to this follows, in Sheikh Husain's vigorous statement of the orthodox Sunni view of the inspiration of the Qur'án; but the statement is purely dogmatic, and is subjected to a severe and

damaging criticism by Jew and Christians alike, to many points of which some of the Moslems are glad to accede, while on others they are reduced to silence. This prepares the way for the Christian presentation of the Eternal Word as the revelation of God, which obviates the difficulties of verbal or literal inspiration, and at the same time meets the craving (which has manifested itself in the theory maintained by Sheikh Husain) for a word of God, uncreated and abiding from eternity to eternity.

The pamphlet labours under the defects inherent in the form of dialogue; but it is thoughtful and sympathetic. The ground taken by the Christian exponents of inspiration is fatal to the claims of the Moslems for their Prophet and his book; but it leaves the door open for a generous recognition of the greatness of Mohamed and his work.

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*A Junior Geography of India, Burmah and Ceylon.* By Cameron Morrison, M.A., LL.B. With new Maps and Illustrations. London, Edinburgh, &c.; Thomas Nelson and Sons; 1909. Pp. 155. Price 12 annas.

THE success of Mr. Morrison's well known *New Geography of the Indian Empire and Ceylon* has led him to write this *Junior Geography* which is, as he says, "an attempt to present to the pupil, in simple language, a general outline of the main features of relief and climate with their influences on the lives of the inhabitants." To any one unacquainted with modern developments in the teaching of geography this little book would seem a strange kind of geography school-book, for it is totally unlike the old-fashioned geography with its wearisome lists of names. We think, however, that on reading Mr. Morrison's book, any thoughtful person would admit that the new in this case is better than the old, and that geography as taught now-a-days at once possesses more human interest and is more of an educational instrument, fitted to develope the reasoning faculties of a pupil, than it was in the days when the memory was the faculty that the geography lesson chiefly exercised. "Real geography," says Mr. Morrison, "teaches us what use a country is to the people in it" and in learning geography, therefore, "we are always trying to find out answers to a great many questions beginning with How and Why."

We cannot do more than indicate Mr. Morrison's method of treating his subject. As the two geographical facts which make most difference to the people living in any part of the world are the shape and climate of their country he naturally deals in the first chapter with the general relief of India, and its climate as affected by its relief and other causes. In the second chapter he treats of what man has done by growing certain crops, by building houses, villages and cities,

and by making roads, canals, railways and harbours, pointing out the connexion between these human actions and the conditions described in the first chapter. He then deals with the different parts of India in detail—the Mountain Regions; the Eastern and Western Plains; the Table-lands of the Deccan and Central India; the Region of Coast-strips; the Coasts and Islands; Burma. Three chapters follow describing respectively the Political Geography of the Indian Empire, the Peoples, Religions and Languages of the Indian Empire, and How the People of India Earn their Bread, while the last chapter gives an account of Ceylon.

Mr. Morrison rightly lays great stress on map-study and map-drawing, and his book therefore contains, in addition to illustrations, a large number of maps—no fewer than thirty-six—to assist the pupils in acquiring a real knowledge of the subject. An appendix is added which contains a few important statistics, and a large number of questions for further study to suggest to teachers lines along which they may work to simplify the instruction given in the text-book and to make it more vivid and interesting.

We consider that Mr. Morrison has succeeded in the "attempt" he has made. He writes in a simple, interesting style, and has arranged his material judiciously. We would recommend his book not only to the class-teacher on the out-look for a good geography text-book but also to "the general reader"—a person who ought to know a great deal more about the country in which he lives than he generally does, who will here find attractively put exactly what he ought to know.

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*Elementary Botany.* By K. Rangachari, M.A., L.T. Madras; P. R. Rama Iyer & Co.; 1909. Price Rs. 1-8-0.

THIS Tamil text-book, already noticed in the *Magazine*, has now reached a second edition. Setting before himself as his aim, not so much the imparting a knowledge of facts in regard to plants and flowers, as the arousing in the student a desire for, and the formation of, habits of accurate observation of common forms of plant life around him, Mr. Rangachari has produced a book at once simple in form and matter and inspiring in method. A chapter has been added on Classification and some of the illustrations have been replaced by better ones. The style is simple, and though necessarily involving some unusual terms, is admirable in form and ought to be used by many teachers in imparting very practical instruction to children. We can heartily commend this book not only as the best of its kind but thoroughly adapted to the teaching of elementary botany.

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*The same.* Translated into Telugu by S. Venkatasubbarama Sastri, Telugu Pandit, S. P. G. High School, Madras.

The translation has been well done. The style is clear and chaste, the sentences short and crisp, rendering the subject matter easy of assimilation. The present work is chiefly intended for the use of teachers, but Mr. Rangachari would render a service by producing a companion book for the use of scholars. The price of the present edition is too high to admit of its being used as a class text-book. In a book for pupils the style might be simplified. Grammatical niceties and refinements of Sandhi which add to the pleasure of reading the book do not necessarily increase its efficiency as a text-book and may even obscure the meaning.

The transliteration of technical terms into Telugu needs some attention so that the English vowels may be as far as possible represented by their Telugu equivalents. On page 225 the short 'O' sound is represented by the Telugu broad 'A' which is less exact than the Telugu short 'O'; similarly on page 227 the short English 'A' sound is rendered by the Telugu short 'E' whereas the short 'A' would have been more nearly correct.

In some illustrations the parts of a flower or seed are named in Tamil, pp. 225, 234. This should be rectified in a subsequent edition.

The book is a very useful addition to the limited literature of nature study in Telugu.

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*The same.* Translated into Kanarese by Mr. D. Alasingracharya, Senior Kanarese Pandit, Christian College, Madras.

We welcome a Kanarese translation of this book, for it ought to be of great use in fostering the study of nature in schools. The book is thoroughly Indian, and the translation into Kanarese is well done. The early part of the book is attractive, and should lead many Kanarese boys and girls to a study of the plant life around them. We know it is difficult to find suitable terms for the various botanical orders, but we should like to see an attempt made to provide a fitting terminology rather than the transliteration of cumbersome Latin terms. With this exception we heartily commend the book to Kanarese readers.

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*Robert Browning : The Pied Piper and Other Poems.* Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A. London ; Geo. Bell and Sons ; 1908. Price 8*d*.

This little volume is a useful addition to Bell's series of English texts for secondary schools. But we think the selection might have been bettered. Obvious favourites like the title poem, *How They Brought*

*the Good News*, *An Incident of the French Camp*, and *Home Thoughts from the Sea*, find a due place. But what will school-boys make of *Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis*, *Through the Metidja*, or *Prospice*? The notes err on the side of brevity—a rare failing—and are not always clear enough. On the whole, we think the book is too difficult for the place assigned to it, as part of the first year's reading in a four years' course for schools. Boys of fourteen should not be fed with Browning recklessly; that is what leads to scoffing, and needless discredit of the poet.

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*Fairy Poetry*. Selected and edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. London; Geo. Bell and Sons; 1909. Price 1*s*.

ANOTHER of the same series as the selection from Browning noticed above, this volume is formed on the ingenious idea of gathering together the chief poetry about the Fairies from Chaucer to the present day. Inevitably this has led to the inclusion of some items which would hardly find their way into an anthology on their intrinsic literary merits. But the selection gives material for an interesting literary study, which might well open up fruitful digressions. We have been surprised to find that though Shakespeare is regarded, and that rightly, as our principal authority on the subject, his Ariel finds no place in text, introduction, or (so far as we could see) notes. *Comus*, too, might have found a mention. Happily, the book still leaves oom for the teacher.

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*Siepmann's Classical French Texts. Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard.* By Marivaux. Edited by Eugène Pellissier. London; Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; 1909. Price 2*s*.

THIS is another in the series of which several have already at different times been noticed in these pages. The plan of the book is the same as that of others in the series; there are, as before, full and instructive notes on the text, and the usual excellent appendices. Introducing Marivaux to young students is a welcome move on the part of the general editors, and this play is a charming little comedy which cannot fail to please. Marivaux's style is delicate and original, well worth study, and the atmosphere of his plays is always wholesome.

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*Relfe Brothers' Vocabularies (French and English)*. London; Relfe Brothers; no date. Price 1*d*., 2*d*., 3*d*.

THIS set of four vocabularies has several merits. The books are small, and would easily slip in and out of a pocket. The words are for the most part arranged in convenient groups, though in some cases the logic of the grouping is to seek. In conjunction with grammars and text-books, they would be very useful to any who wish to extend their

knowledge of practical, everyday French. They would be a night-mare to the apostles of the "direct method," but they are undeniably suited to the needs of tourists and others who want to enlarge their vocabulary. The set costs 8*d.* in all, which would go a long way towards the price of a book that would include all that they give and a great deal more besides. The want of an index is a drawback; they are of little use except for memory work. But they are handy.

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WE have received—*India under British Rule*, by S. Satyamurty, B. A.; *England under the Tudors*, by the same author; *A Junior Relief Atlas*, published by Relfe Bros.; and other works; these will be noticed in later numbers of the *Magazine*.

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### LITERARY NOTES.

A VOLUME which should be of permanent value to all interested in India has recently been issued. Entitled *Relics of the Honourable East India Company*, it consists of a series of fifty plates by Mr. William Griggs, with letter press by Sir George Birdwood and William Foster. These plates are a collection from *The Journal of Indian Art* of photographic reproductions of the more important charters, dispatches, and other remains of the East India Company.

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THE sixth and concluding volume of the important *History of Ottoman Poetry* by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb has now been issued. One of the great supporters and helpers in this work has been Dr. Riza Tevfiq Bey, a Turkish scholar. It is interesting to note how the new régime has affected his fortunes. Up to April 1908 even his name had to be kept secret, and he used to visit the editor by stealth; now his name will appear on a supplementary volume that is in process of publication.

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THE death of George Manville Fenn removes from our midst one who for many years charmed boy readers. To the present generation of boys he is probably a comparative stranger, but to the last generation no name was better known with the exception perhaps of Henty. Apart from novels and stories, his books for boys number over one hundred, and they are written with a vigour and picturesqueness excellently adapted for the young.

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THE recent troubles in Persia have stimulated the production of literature bearing on that distracted country. Only recently came

*Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia* by Mrs. Hume Griffith, a lady who spent eight years there in mission work, and who writes therefore with the intimate knowledge of the inner life of the home permissible only to the woman medical missionary, or to one closely associated with such work as she was through her husband. Now comes another, written by Mr. Bradley Birt and published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, entitled *Through Persia, from the Gulf to the Caspian.* Great changes are looming in the near future which will modify the conditions of life both in Arabia and Persia. Already the Turkish Revolution is pointing to far-reaching influences. The whole face of Mesopotamia may by-and-bye be completely transformed now that the new government have secured the services of Sir William Wilcocks as their adviser in great irrigation schemes. The books published to-day may therefore become valuable as a photograph of life and manners which belong to a past age.

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THE reissue of the Dictionary of National Biography is now nearing completion. The new issue is in twenty-two volumes instead of sixty-six, and while only one-third the size, it is likewise only one-third the price of the original work. As early as last month was published the nineteenth volume. Thus only three more remain. This great monumental work has already proved itself of priceless value as a work of reference, and the once mystic letters D. N. B. are now familiar symbols in foot-notes and appendices.

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MR. HALL CAINE has been much in evidence lately. His letter to the *British Weekly* on the dangers and unwisdom of prosecuting mission work in Mohammadan countries awakened widespread criticism, and now comes his widely advertised novel, *The White Prophet.* This also carries us to Egypt and gives us the views of a traveller. The review in the *Athenaeum* is interesting. "To accept a legend for fact, and thence to evolve a second work of fiction, all in air, is a method most unlikely to produce a probable romance; yet Mr. Caine has accepted the Egyptian Nationalist tale of English rule as the basis for this romance of Egypt, with the result that its atmosphere being twice removed from fact is altogether unreal and absurd."

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IT is announced that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written introductions to *Robert Elsmere* and *David Grieve,* which are to appear in a complete edition of her works. These introductions are in some sense biographical, and if they cast light on the problems that used to be discussed on the publication of *Robert Elsmere* they will be of interest if not of value.

A SERIES of new short stories is expected soon from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is to be hoped that they may be marked by the gifts and graces of his earlier style, for of late Mr. Kipling has not commended himself to a wide circle.

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THE publishing business of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, which has been in existence for over half a century, has just been acquired by Messrs. Marshall Brothers, of Keswick House, Paternoster Row. The unique association of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster with the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon is well known. 'When but a young man beginning in London that wonderful ministry which was so soon to achieve a world-wide fame, Mr. Spurgeon was prevailed upon to permit the publication of a sermon each week, and from that day till this the weekly issue has been continued without a break. At the present time there are no fewer than 3,157 sermons of the famous preacher in print, of which over a hundred million copies have been sold, while the stock of unpublished manuscripts is sufficient to maintain the weekly publication for the next ten years. Though seventeen years have passed since the death of Mr. Spurgeon the demand for his sermons continues in a remarkable way, orders for them being received daily from all parts of the world.

We understand that it is the intention of Messrs Marshall Brothers to continue the weekly publication of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and to carry on the business on much the same lines as formerly. This addition to their own business will necessitate their removal to larger and more commodious premises, and arrangements have just been completed for the taking over of the historic building at No. 47, Paternoster Row, so long occupied by the well-known firm of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers. The name of Keswick House will be retained, Messrs. Marshall Brothers being widely known through their association with the Keswick Convention and by their publication of the weekly organ of that movement, *The Life of Faith.*

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## *SCIENCE NOTES.*

COMMANDER PEARY'S narrative of his journey to the North Pole has been published in *The Times.* Between the shores of Grant Land and the Pole the chief physical obstacle arises from the "leads," or unfrozen channels which here and there seam the expanse of ice and often remain open for an indefinite period. Commander Peary was so fortunate as not to encounter any lead which delayed him more than a couple of hours. "Sometimes," he says, "the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across, sometimes we made a short detour, sometimes

a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes we improvised a ferry on an ice cake." The chief contribution to our knowledge of the North Polar regions which he has made is that the North Pole lies in the midst of a frozen sea. After the edge of the continental shelf is once left behind, the floor of this sea sinks rapidly to a great depth and extends over a wide area. At a short distance from the land, between 83° and 84°, Commander Peary got 110 fathoms, but when he reached 85° a sounding of 825 fathoms was obtained, and further on, when he was still five miles from the Pole, he found no bottom at a depth of 1,500 fathoms. Here his wire broke while he was hauling it in and went to the bottom, so that he was unable to take any more soundings. This agrees with the results obtained by Dr. Nansen, who took soundings from the Liakhof Islands in a north-westerly direction. At about 100 miles beyond these islands the soundings rapidly increased from 150 fathoms to 1,000 fathoms and further north the prevailing depth was from 1,600 to 2,000 fathoms. A further exploration of this Arctic Ocean will be undertaken by Captain Amundsen, who proposes to set out next year on a five years' investigation of the North Polar region.

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THE difference between the North Polar and the South Polar region is thus very great. Round the North Pole is a deep sea, extending apparently for miles in every direction, and covered with ice, which Commander Peary describes as showing "the hard granular last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes." The South Polar region, on the other hand, is occupied by an extensive continent. Lieutenant Shackleton's journey took him first over the level ice-fields of the Great Barrier, thence up sloping glaciers and finally across mountain ranges to a great plateau which has an elevation of more than 1,000 feet. To learn more about this plateau, it is proposed to organise an expedition under Captain Scott. A number of Manchurian ponies will be used for the transport of food as far as the foot of the glaciers, and Eskimo dogs will then take their place. The experience gained by Lieutenant Shackleton with a motor sledge will also be utilized. The motor sledge he took was found useless, because, although it proved possible to run it at the lowest temperatures experienced, its wheels were so narrow that they sank in soft snow. Satisfactory experiments have now been made with a motor sledge of improved design, and it is hoped that it will be of service, if not for the whole, at least for a considerable part of the journey. This is of great importance as the absence of human life in the Antarctic regions renders it impossible for a South Polar expedition to form a standing base such as Commander Peary had

among the Whale Sound Eskimos or to utilise native help in the journey towards the Pole.

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THE return of Halley's comet was first announced by Professor Wolf, of the Königstuhl Observatory, Heidelberg. Professor Wolf is well known as the discoverer of many of the minor planets, that being the special department of astronomical research to which he has devoted himself. The experience he has thus obtained in scrutinising photographic plates of the heavens has stood him in good stead on this occasion, as there must have been many astronomers on the lookout for this comet. The position in which he found it agrees remarkably well with the predicted ephemeris of Messrs. Cowell and Crommelin of Greenwich Observatory. Owing to the perturbations of its orbit caused by Jupiter and Saturn, its motion is extremely difficult to calculate. These planets cause its period to vary from a maximum of 79 years to a minimum of 74½ years. The latter is the value for the present revolution, the last appearance of the comet being in 1835.

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AT present the comet is approaching the northern limit of Orion from the south-western region of Gemini. It cannot, however, be seen even in a large telescope, being of the sixteenth magnitude and observable only by photographic means. Its brightness will increase by about one magnitude per month and towards the end of January it will probably become visible in an ordinary telescope. It is expected that by the end of April it will be visible to the naked eye as a morning star, and as an evening star a month later when it will be very near the earth. Some time ago Messrs. Cowell and Crommelin predicted that its perihelion passage would take place about 16th April, 1910. With the observations now obtained this date can be calculated with more accuracy and appears to be 19th or 20th April, 1910. The comet was thus first observed 220 days before perihelion, whereas in 1835 it was not observed till 102 days before perihelion. This is due to the use of the photographic plate which, when exposed long enough, records the position of the faintest objects.

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IN his opening address to the Engineering Section of the British Association, Sir W. H. White discussed the combination of reciprocating engines and a low pressure turbine. This system, which was patented in 1894 by Mr. Charles Parsons, has been introduced in the *Laurentic*, one of the latest additions to the White Star Line. Sir William White stated that Mr. Parsons foresaw that while the turbine system would prove superior to reciprocating engines in ships of high speed and

with a high rate of revolution, there would be a possibility of getting better results by combining reciprocating engines with low-pressure turbines in ships of comparatively slow speed, where a low rate of revolution for the screw-propellers was necessary to efficient propulsion. Many alternative arrangements had been designed for utilising a combination system; that now under trial associated twin-screw *reciprocating* engines, in which the expansion of the steam is carried down to a pressure of 9 to 10 lb. per square inch when working at maximum power, and then completed to the condenser pressure in a turbine. The *Laurentic* has been only a short time on service, but the results are so satisfactory that the combination system will probably be adopted in the two large White Star steamers of 45,000 tons now building at Belfast.

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THE magnetic storm which was experienced on 25th September proves to have been one of exceptional severity. For about six hours it stopped all telegraph work between Madras, Calcutta and Bombay, the currents produced by it being of about the same strength as those used in working the telegraph lines. The home papers state that it was also experienced in Europe and America and that it was similar to the violent storms of 9th February, 1907, and 31st October, 1903. A splendid aurora borealis was witnessed at St. Petersburg and a similarly brilliant aurora australis at Cape Town. As usual, the storm was associated with the appearance of a large sunspot of disturbed type.

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THE purification of water by storage has been clearly proved by Dr. Houston, of the Metropolitan Water Board, London. He took a number of different strains of the cholera vibrio, and used only those which, after investigation, might be regarded as undoubted cholera vibrios. His conclusions are that cholera vibrios rapidly die in the raw waters as result of storage in the laboratory. At least 99·9 per cent. of the organisms perished within a week, and none could be isolated even from 100 c.c. of the water three weeks after infection. Dr. Houston, in his report, comments on these figures as showing the importance of the storage of raw water as a safeguard against water-borne disease.

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A NUMBER of small organisms of a more or less globular shape have been found by Dr. N. Annandale in the tide-wash on the coast of Orissa. When he placed them in water he observed that they became conical in shape, which indicated that they were pelagic sea-anemones, although they had no tentacles. They have a milky appearance, which

conceals the internal organs, and a vinous tinge deepening into brown at the aboral pole. The mouth forms a long, narrow slit expanded at one end. As these actinians appear to indicate a new type, Dr. Annandale has named them *Anactinia pelagica.*

## RECENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

### THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

To Indian readers the most interesting article in the September number will be that on *Spiritual Forces in India*, by the Rev. N. Macnicol. With the adoption of the political reforms of Lord Morley and Lord Minto, India, says Mr. Macnicol, has taken a great step forward. But no one supposes, he says, that the mere increase in the political authority that Indians will now exercise in their own land is the chief advantage that will result to the country from those new responsibilities. One objection which has been urged against the reforms and which seems to have less of selfishness and more of reason in it than any other is that they benefit only a small aristocratic minority and leave the lot of the silent majority no better, but perhaps even worse, than before. Whether or not this objection is well grounded only time will determine, and the answer that will be given will be the answer not only to this question but to the question whether India has or has not in her the breath of a new life, whether her people can ever be begotten again by the summons of a new call, by the sense of a new responsibility. If those to whom the political opportunity has now come—few as they are compared with the great mass of the population—realise at all worthily its implications and prove themselves equal to it, the effect cannot be confined to themselves but will extend to the whole community. If, however, there is no such response, and if it be supposed that the rewards of authority can be enjoyed without that discipline being undergone which is the condition of authority being fitly exercised, we can only judge, says Mr. Macnicol, that India has finally squandered her moral strength, and that if indeed she has had a great past she will have no future. But is there, he asks, any people upon whom such a sentence must be pronounced? Especially, are we to suppose that the wells of the spirit in India, which once sprang up so richly, have become so dry that they cannot flow again?

Some of the Indian people themselves, Mr. Macnicol says, are inclined to resent the claim that it is in her spirituality that India's greatness has consisted exclusively in the past and should consist solely or chiefly in the future. To them that spirituality means

weakness, and they would like to see their people free themselves from what appears to them to be a hampering inheritance, and join, in the company of Japan, the cult of efficiency. There are some of India's political leaders, however, Mr. Macnicol says, who show a higher sense of the meaning of their country's calling and of the discipline that her sons must undergo if they are to fulfil that calling by means of the new opportunities that have been placed within their reach. There is visible to observers, he says, a distinct quickening of the national conscience, a movement as of awakening from the deep slumber of the spirit. Mr. Gokhale early saw the coming of a time when the need would be urgent of trained and devoted men to give themselves in a truly religious spirit to the service of the coming nation, and the Society of the Servants of India, which he founded, though it recognises no distinctive religious principles, draws its spirit and energy from a religious source. And it is only by calling to their help forces which none but a religious motive can command that India's political leaders can exercise on a people with whom religion has been a passion for three thousand years an influence that will be deep and abiding. Further, says Mr. Macnicol, every one who would touch the heart and mould the life of India must go down among the silent masses of the people. If anyone would know what India is to be, if he would know what forces are still dormant in her and of what she dreams, and especially if he desires to mould her future, he must sit with the villager at his hut door, and buy and sell with him at his weekly market, and journey with him when he takes his pilgrim's staff and sets forth to go to some distant shrine. For a foreigner it is indeed extremely difficult to get close enough to these simple children of the earth to form any true conception of the dim thoughts and impulses that move them. For the most part he must be content dimly to guess. Mr. Macnicol gives illustrations of the forces of evil and of good that are at work among the masses of the people to-day. He had listened to a Brahman reading to simple villagers from the *Kesari*, he had seen pilgrims returning from the shrine of Khandoba, and he had seen others coming from Alandi, the birthplace of Dnyāneshwar, on their way to the shrine of Vitthoba of Pandhari, singing as they went the songs of Dnyāneshwar and Tukārām. The *Kesari* and the songs of Tukārām, he asks—how will these and the influences they represent blend in the fashioning of India's future? Will religious aspiration or political passion be found the stronger power in the people's hearts? Already there is evidence, Mr. Macnicol says, that the combination of Indian religious intensity with Western science and Western politics is giving rise in some cases to a very dangerous product. The Bhagavadgita, which has been for centuries the most powerful religious Scripture in

India, has been adopted, it would seem, as one of the badges of the party of anarchy, and the watchword of the Indian awakening is being used by many *for a purpose very different from that of giving expression* to a purely patriotic sentiment. With them 'the Matripuja of to-day is thuggee, with white goats—in a sense in which the phrase can now be understood—for victims instead of "swadeshi" travellers.'

In face of considerations like these, Mr. Macnicol says, the outlook for India would seem dark enough were it not that there is at work in the land a leaven in which lives its hope. For many the message of the Gita has been and still is a call to battle with no other foe than a rebellious heart; and it is not too much to claim, he says, that its power to-day rests largely in the fact that it can be filled with the truth of Christ and be made to echo with His music. The forces that sleep silent in the hearts of the peasants or send them forth as pilgrims on some far and dimly comprehended quest may break forth for a time in anarchy and frenzied superstition. But that is, Mr. Macnicol believes, only a passing phase, and those forces are coming more and more under a mightier and a worthier dominion.

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ANOTHER article of special interest to Indian readers is that entitled *Christianity and Subjective Science*, by Emma Marie Caillard. If there is one thing, says this writer, which Christians, as such, seem specially slow to recognise, it is the many-sidedness of their faith. They would have the followers of the Master all shaped according to one stereotyped pattern, the diversity of their gifts reduced to one semblance, and their outlook on eternal things shorn of all its originality. In no direction, says the writer, has this fatal propensity worked more evil than in missionary enterprise, and in no direction is evidence of a hopeful change more apparent. There is a fast-growing conviction, she says, that instead of the sweeping away of all old landmarks and the submerging of the learner in a flood of doctrine wholly alien to his religious upbringing and environment, the matter of first importance is to deepen his hold on the truth he has already made his own and work onward and upward from that. There is further, she says, a growing recognition of the fact that those aspects of spiritual truth which have been perceived independently of Christianity are necessary to the adequate apprehension of Christianity and must ultimately be seen to form an intrinsic part of it if it is to fulfil that destiny which its Founder foresaw and to become not merely a world religion but a worldwide religion—the religion of mankind. It is with this fact that the present article is chiefly concerned. The Eastern way of treating the limitations of sense and intellect is to regard them as an illusion; but this ideal, the writer says, could never appeal to the typical

Western, to whom his actual environment, so far from being an illusion, is the region of fact, that which alone affords the possibility of knowledge and the satisfaction of activity. This wide divergence in their manner of regarding the universe at large and man's experience of it sets a gulf, which many have thought impassable, between East and West. In the opinion of the writer of the article, however, the gulf, broad and deep as it may be, is not impassable. The bond of a common nature, she says, is stronger to unite than any differences within that nature can be to separate; and in the West no less than in the East men ask themselves those metaphysical questions and feel within themselves those metaphysical longings and aspirations, to answer and to satisfy which makes religion a necessity. Here, then, is common ground upon which East and West can meet, though at first sight this very fact brings the essential differences between the two into higher relief. The fault of the East has been to ignore the order of Nature in religion; the fault of the West to turn it into a prison: and what is needed is a way of treating human experience which shall give the natural order its due place and its due recognition and yet shall not exalt it into the ultimate test of reality. Such a way, the writer holds, exists in Christianity, which for that reason, in spite of the travesties that have distorted it, the shortcomings of its followers, and the hostility or contempt of its opponents, is a living and developing religion still, with such possibilities in its future as no other religion can claim. But in order to render these possibilities actual the spiritual passion and insight of the East must be combined with the practical capacity and activity of the West. The man of the West must recognise that facts are not final, while the man of the East must recognise that ideas are not final; and both must recognise, what Christianity as Christ taught and exemplified it recognises, that in the universe as we know it facts need souls and ideals need bodies. Union with the divine, which is as much the keynote of the Gospels as of the systems of Yoga, is to be attained not in spite of but through human experience, and not therefore by the continual effort to render it non-human, but by its extension into regions which, though purely spiritual, are as truly within the range of man's capacities as is that realm of the external which is their antechamber. Due weight must be given to the objective as well as to the subjective side of experience. Since the spiritual order expresses itself through the natural, yet immeasurably transcends it, its manifestations cannot be limited to what objective science at any given period of its attainments declares to be possible but must be judged from a different altitude and tested by a different standard. And since the natural order expresses and depends upon the spiritual, and since human society, with all it implies, is part of that order, no funda-

mental and adequate social reforms, no endeavours to raise, purify, and ennoble either individuals or communities, will attain a full measure of success unless full play is given to spiritual forces and whole-hearted confidence reposed in them.

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DR. NEWTON H. MARSHALL writes on *Empires and Races.* Until modern times, he says, large masses of the human race lived in isolation from their fellows, and no nation, not even a conquering nation like the Roman, was at any one time in contact with more than a fraction of the human race or with more than a certain minority of the nations of the earth. That state of things is gone for ever. We are in an era of racial contact and national interpenetration ; within certain limits also the era in which we live is an era of national fusion, of national reduction. It is at the same time an imperial era. There is a tendency to the organisation of humanity on the lines of imperialisms rather than of nationalities, while at the same time these imperialisms tend to be racial as distinct from national. Dr. Marshall discusses the various forces at work among the nations and various movements resulting from the action of these forces. In these he finds little that can be regarded as very hopeful. For religious men, he says, the one hope for the ultimate future of the race is the Christian faith and the only way to prevent Armageddon is to acclaim Calvary.

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THE other articles in the number are *Roman Imperialism,* an exposition and criticism of the methods of the Vatican, by 'Granvelle'; *Fallacies of the Doctrine of Compulsory Service,* by 'Master Mariner'; *The Repulse of the Saracens from Europe,* by Mr. E. A. Foord; *The Writings of M. Andrew Gide,* by Edmund Gosse ; *The Local Distribution of Poverty,* by Mrs. Bosanquet ; *Beche de Mer English,* by Jack London ; *Foreign Affairs,* by Dr. E. J. Dillon ; and *In an Ancient House,* by 'Museus.' There are the usual reviews of books.

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### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE are three articles dealing with India, two of them being grouped under the same title,—*The Effects of British Rule.* Of these two one is by Mr. Elliot G. Colvin, C.S.I., Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana. Its plan consists in setting over against each other the eulogium pronounced not long ago by Mr. Roosevelt on British rule in India and the arraignment of the same rule by Mr. Digby and others like him, and then bringing to bear on the latter a battery of effective criticism based upon facts well-known in India but unfamiliar to the average English public. The other paper under the same title is by Sir Edmund Cox, Deputy-Inspector-General of Police,

Bombay Presidency. It is a forcible comparison of the circumstances which immediately preceded the introduction of British rule into India with the conditions which now exist. In the facts that the history of the Mogul Empire 'was for the most part a record of incessant wars and rebellions, crimes and catastrophes'; that, on the other hand, India now-a-days enjoys comparative order and prosperity; and that the alternative to British rule is not self-government but a probable partition of the land between Germany, Russia and Japan, the writer finds an ample answer to the wild words of a fanatic like Dhingra or a demagogue like Mr. Grayson. Both these articles are temperate and well-written and there are many in India who would profit by laying them to heart, but they do not call for further notice here.

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THE Rev. I. A. Sharrock's article on *Some Misconceptions about the Unrest in India* is more provocative of discussion. It will probably impress readers in Britain as a fresh and striking presentation of the situation, and in spite of its exaggeration and one-sidedness the impression will not be wholly undeserved. Missionary educationists will probably regret the fact that Mr. Sharrock has paraded his experience as 'Principal of two colleges in South India for sixteen years' in support of his title to speak, for in his estimate of educational missions he is far from representative. But in any case it cannot be denied that his paper, whatever its one-sidedness, is a valuable antidote to much that in Britain passes for the whole truth about India.

Starting with the important reminder that the present political unrest is only an incident in a general awakening, and pausing to level a shaft of sarcasm at Lord Morley for what we have considered his noble determination not to descend to the convenient illiberalism of oriental traditions of statecraft, Mr. Sharrock makes his first important point when he pillories a well-worn quotation from Matthew Arnold. 'To plunge in thought,' he says, 'is the last thing that the modern Hindu dreams of doing. He plunges into politics, social reform, education, and all the revolutionary items of the Congress programme.' We believe that there are still not a few Hindus who deserve the title 'modern' and yet who, to a noteworthy degree, contrive to lead the contemplative life; but for an impressionist picture Mr. Sharrock's statement may pass. We agree with him further in his contention that though 'East is East and West is West,' nevertheless the twain *have* 'met, almost with the violence of a railway collision, and our ears are deafened with the roar. In the sense that the East and the West too often think along diametrically opposing lines of thought, and refuse to dine together, Kipling is of course right. But has the world ever seen such an awakening as has been going on in India for the

last three-quarters of a century?' Its most striking feature at present is the persons who are forcing on the wondrous transformation. 'Who are those that are straining like dogs on the leash to revolutionise the whole country? The Government? The British officials? The English Press? The missionaries? Not one of them! It is the Hindus themselves.' It is they who are dealing 'such desperate blows at their own deep-rooted systems. The missionaries see that the shaft of the axe which is felling the Hindu tree is a branch torn from that same tree; and though it is true that it is they who have laid the axe-head at the root, they know their own weakness and exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing [not ours]; it is marvellous in our eyes."'

Mr. Sharrock next turns to consider the educational side of the difficulty. He finds the first root of mischief in the fact that 'we are educating for the most part one numerically small community and neglecting the rest.' The proportion of Brahmans among the graduates of Madras he puts down as five-sixths. We cannot agree with him when he says that we have far more graduates than the country requires. Absolutely considered it is not so, for it is desirable to have a margin of supply above demand so that from the academically fit there may be room to select for responsible posts those who are practically as well as academically competent. Relatively, indeed, to the total educated population the proportion of University graduates is, of course, absurdly large. But the remedy is not to diminish what we have but to create what we have not—a widespread development of elementary and technical education. We, therefore, cannot second Mr. Sharrock's sweeping proposal for the withdrawal of Government aid from all colleges,—although when he adds that all Government colleges should be closed, we cannot avoid going so far with him as is involved in the admissions that 'model colleges' have a way of absorbing the funds needed to make imitation possible, that starvation is more depressing to a private college than the lack of a local 'model,' and that to have concentrated the funds of the Educational Department upon a well-graduated system of Government aid might have been a more thrifty way of attaining the ends in view.

Another root of mischief Mr. Sharrock rightly finds in the predominantly irreligious character of the education provided. Quite apart from missionary influences, contact with the West is in a thousand ways undermining the religious and moral conceptions of India, and except in missionary colleges no substitute is being provided. On the subject of religious neutrality Mr. Sharrock takes up a bold attitude. We certainly agree with him that a good deal of cant prevails on the subject and that neutrality is too often made a fetish. We do not quite know how much sympathy he has with 'the good old

rule and simple plan of pure intolerance.' But when he quotes Sir Alfred Lyall :—

> That the Sovereign should provide decently for his own persuasion is regarded as natural and decorous ; that he should distribute revenue allotments (or continue them) to every well-defined religious community is thought liberal ; that he should administer to all religious properties and interests is right and proper ; that he should ignore them all and provide not even for his own faith would be a policy comprehensible only by those who had studied English polemics, and one without precedent in Asia—

we feel that he who would draw a wise moral from these words must at the same time remind himself, like Lord Morley, that we are in India because we are *not* Orientals. *Noblesse oblige* even when circumstances do not, and it may prove in the long run worth while to have suffered the inconveniences of being animated by a high ideal of religious freedom. There are other points of interest in Mr. Sharrock's paper but space forbids further discussion.

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Of the remaining articles in the magazine there deserves to be specially mentioned *His Parochial Majesty* by Mr. P. D. Kenny (' Pat '). This is a restrained but intensely-meant destructive analysis of the stunting influence of Roman Catholic clerical domination upon the character of the Irish people, written by one who, as himself a Roman Catholic, expects to have to smart for his boldness Mr. W. Pett Ridge writes on the *Virtues of the Londoner* by way of sequel to his previous article on the Londoner's faults. Mr. E. Vincent Howard tells *The Story of Halley's Comet.* Other articles are *The Increment Tax*, by Mr. Alfred Mond, M. P. ; *The Land, the People and the General Election*, by Mr. J. Ellis Barker ; and *Matrimony and the Man of Letters*, by Mr. Sidney Low.

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### The Fortnightly Review.

The September number, besides the articles more specially referred to below, includes—the usual review of events ; an article on Baron Aerenthal and M. Izvolsky ; The 'master Hoaxer' James de la Cloche, by Andrew Lang ; Charles Saunders, colleague of Wolfe, by Edward Salmon ; a defence of Horace Walpole by Norman Pearson : a comprehensive article on the openings for young men in South Africa, by C. de Thierry ; a hearty attack on Haldane's Territorial Force, by Lord Monkswell ; a temperate reply to Mr. Iwan-Müller by Sidney Low, entitled *Darwinism and Politics* ; an article by Lieut.-Col. Pollock on *The Imperial General Staff.*

The first article reserved for special notice is headed *Why I am not a Christian*, by P. Vencata Rao. It is an interesting article and yet disappointing in spite of the ability of the author because so much is argued against which has no very great interest to an increasing number of Christians, and the central issue, the figure Jesus of Nazareth, is scarcely touched upon. Mr. Vencata Rao brings forward three arguments to explain why he is not a Christian.

Christianity is founded upon the Bible in which are many statements opposed to the generally recognised teaching of science. The New Testament appears to him to be little less legendary than the Old; the most trustworthy account (by reason of priority), the gospel of Mark, is based, he asserts, upon traditions slender, uncritical and popular; the birth marvels and the Resurrection he dismisses as untrustworthy; the miracles of the ministry impossible. 'The first reason, then, why I am not a Christian is that I cannot receive the sacred books of Christianity at the valuation put upon them by the authoritative teachers of that religion.'

'The second reason why I am not a Christian is the inherent incredibility of the Christian creed.' The writer enlarges upon the impossibility of the fall of man, original sin, the Dies Irae, the faulty character of the Jewish Jehovah, from which he goes on to argue against Theism. 'Nature' he says 'is certainly unmoral; yes, absolutely unethical'; the result of Kant's method is to discredit the Theistic proofs. Mr. Vencata Rao, however, believes emphatically in the categorical imperative of duty. The paper concludes with a sketch of the author's claim for Hinduism and the reasons why, while recognising something of that which Christianity has done for the West, he remains a Hindu.

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The late Principal of Mansfield College has written a reply under the title *Why I am a Christian*, in which, after an elaborate introduction, he goes on to maintain that Mr. Vencata Rao has wrongly conceived the relation between religion and revelation or Christianity and the Scriptures. Dr. Fairbairn's method of controversy is not always of the mildest description, but in this article the actual arguments are temperately expressed and he has little difficulty in exposing the rather hasty generalisations into which his antagonist has been betrayed. As has been already suggested, the discussion is rather of an academic than of a practical character and in a few pages covers too many points to be satisfying from a theological point of view, while from the more practical and religious side the important issue is scarcely touched upon. One feels confident in asserting that the second paper in confining itself to a criticism of the first *does not really deserve*

*its title.* Neither writer says anything about the teaching and character of Jesus; but surely an apologetic which leaves that out of account cannot be called an apologetic.

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THE article by Mr. Colquhoun headed *China in Transformation* calls attention to some interesting and important aspects of Chinese affairs. One of the most serious handicaps to a sound development is stated to be in the matter of finance. A country which has no budget and no standard currency and in which notes are issued recklessly without a bullion reserve cannot but be seriously crippled in numberless ways. It is a very serious matter too that China has neither a good administration nor trained officials to take charge of the works, and until she has both it is suicidal for her to develop her policy of excluding foreign supervision. Further, the army is causing considerable anxiety to the ministers, for the promise of the 1906 manoeuvres has been unfulfilled, the muster in 1908 only reaching a total of 21,000 men; that the *morale* of the soldier class has been very appreciably improved is one of the most satisfactory developments The sincerity of the Chinese desire to discourage the opium trade is still to be proved, though the writer does not anticipate the verdict in either direction. But while remarking on these and other features of the situation Mr. Colquhoun is far from representing the astonishing development of China within the past few years as really arrested; rather does he bring forward statements which reveal the serious difficulties which obstruct the path of progress and suggest that the almost incredible rapidity of advance in that enormous empire may be considerably modified in its ensuing stages.

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MR. FRANK PODMORE deals with the extraordinary article of Mr. Stead in the January issue on the subject of communication with the dead, in an article called *From the Dead or the Living?*

Complaining of the general (as opposed to scientific) statement which Mr. Stead has given of the experiences to which reference was made, he considers the whole problem in so far as ascertained data are to hand. Mr. Podmore is by no means a sceptic and seems singularly free from prejudice in one direction or the other. The question Mr. Podmore takes up is—do these messages come from other minds here by means of telepathic communication or do they really come from extra-terrestrial intelligences? The attempts which have taken the form of the communication through mediums of the substance of a letter written and sealed by some one who has since died, have so far been unsatisfactory, while after quoting at considerable length the elaborate experiment of cross correspondence by which mediums

(sometimes continents apart) provide each the key to the expressions used by the other without any apparent relation between the two, he finds that this experiment also has so far not established anything which cannot find explanation from telepathic communication between these two minds.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

We have received from Dr. M. Vijiaraghavulu, the Honorary Secretary of the College Day Association the following announcement :—

The College Day celebrations will be held this year on Wednesday, the 29th December, from 10 A.M. to 6-30 P.M. T. T. Ranga Chariar, Esq., B A., B.L., District and Sessions Judge of Guntur, an old student of the College, has consented to preside on the occasion. All graduates and other old students are requested to be present.

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We are also asked to intimate on behalf of the Association that the travelling agents of the Association are touring now in the mofussil, to collect subscriptions from the graduates and other old students of the College. Members of the Association are requested to pay their subscriptions to the agents and to help them in every way. Receipts for payments made to the agents will be forwarded to the members in due course, and the subscriptions will, besides, be acknowledged in the *Magazine* and the Madras Dailies.

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We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. G. Subba Rau, B.A., L.T. Mr. Subba Rau was a student of the College from 1890 to 1892, and took his degree with distinction in both Mathematics and Physical Science. He then joined the staff of the Zamorin's College, Calicut, and soon rose to the position of Vice-Principal. He took a leading part in the movement for Social Reform in Malabar, and in order to get an organ for the movement he became proprietor and editor of the *West Coast Spectator.* He gained for this paper a position of wide influence on the West Coast, and in that and other ways did a great deal to advance the cause of social progress.

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